THE BYSTANDER
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OCTOBER 30, 1929
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BRILLIANT SHORT STORY by JOHN HASTINGS TURNER

The BYSTANDER

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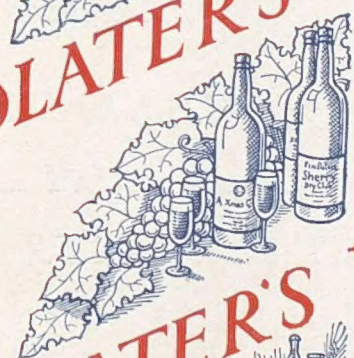

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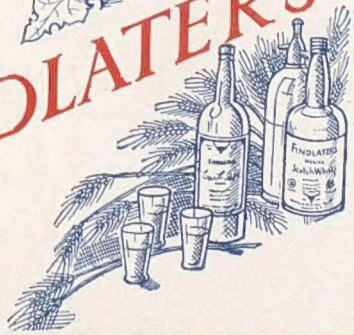

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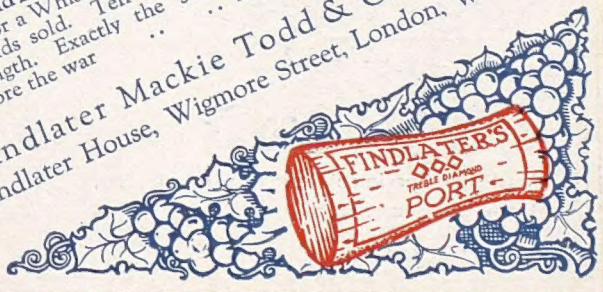

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The BYSTANDER

MISS PRISCILLA PERROTT

The daughter of Lady Perrott and the late Colonel Sir Herbert Perrott, C.H., C.B., who is one of the most attractive girls in Society. She is a keen rider to hounds and hunts regularly with the Devon & Somerset Staghounds.

Rafaharl

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C.F.H. 155

The Passing Hour

Lord Eustace Percy and Sir Austen Chamberlain leaving the Conservative Headquarters at Westminster after a meeting of the Shadow Cabinet. Although the meeting lasted for two and a half hours the result is still shrouded in "shadows"

Quick Pictures

P. and A.

The Prime Minister and Mr. Winston Churchill, who met in New York on the former's birthday, seen beside Mr. MacDonald's birthday cake. It is reported that even on this occasion they refused to shake hands

I SUPPOSE it is a healthy sign of the times that the Conservative Shadow Cabinet have met, stealthily it is true, but still they have met! Lord Birkenhead, who, with the exception of Mr. Winston Churchill, alone possesses driving force, is not included in it. Mr. Churchill is still riding broncos and being entertained by Mayors in the Wild West, so that the Shadow Cabinet are left to the gentle cogitations of dear Mr. Stanley Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain, whose driving force together in politics seems to be exactly zero. They do not realise, and never will, that it is not a Shadow Cabinet we need so urgently in this country, but one extremely alive, able to go out on the warpath and tomahawk the wild men in the Cabinet whose attitude on Home and Foreign affairs is stealthily undermining the credit and security of the State. Their latest stunt is the bribe to the coal miners, who are to work for less time at the same rate, whereas what is wanted is cheaper coal. But not a word from the Shadow Cabinet! Not even a gibber one expects from ghosts or shadows!

Conservative Cowardice

THE Conservative leaders, who are scarcely leaders except in name, might really take their departure permanently to the Shades. Their prevarication, not to say cowardice, on the subject of tariffs, although they believe in their necessity, like most of the people nowadays, is of the

nature of a betrayal of the trust reposed in them by millions of the electorate. What we want, and are getting eventually, is a revolt of the rank and file, who only require to get a leader at their head to throw over the entire hierarchy of mediocrities possessing no power of either enthusiasm or leadership. Mr. Walter Guinness, who is a man of brains, pluck, and decision, might well evolve a new Young Conservative movement, and with him Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, General Page Croft, and a few other men whose principles have never been in doubt. At the present moment, unquestionably the Socialists are digging themselves in, whilst the Tory leaders cannot rise to any greater heights than a Shadow Cabinet!

Film Fires

THERE has been quite an epidemic of film fires lately, and very soon after the blaze at Wembley came the news of the great American fire in which the "talkie" film of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford was totally destroyed. There is, I understand, a copy of this film already in this country, so for once the process may be reversed and England will see an American film before the States do.

News Illustrations

CUBBING WITH THE NORTH LEDBURY

The Master, Mr J. F. Twinberrow, and hounds working a wood at Buckley during a morning's cubbing. The meet was held at Buckley Church

Raphael

Miss Nancy Beaton, who will take part in Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger's Pageant at her Galaxy Ball, at the Park Lane Hotel on November 14, in aid of St. John's Hospital, Lewisham

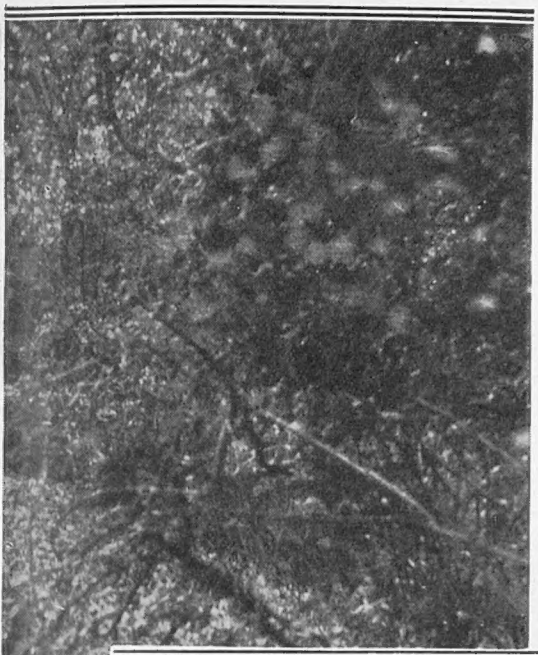
Caught in the Crow's Nest

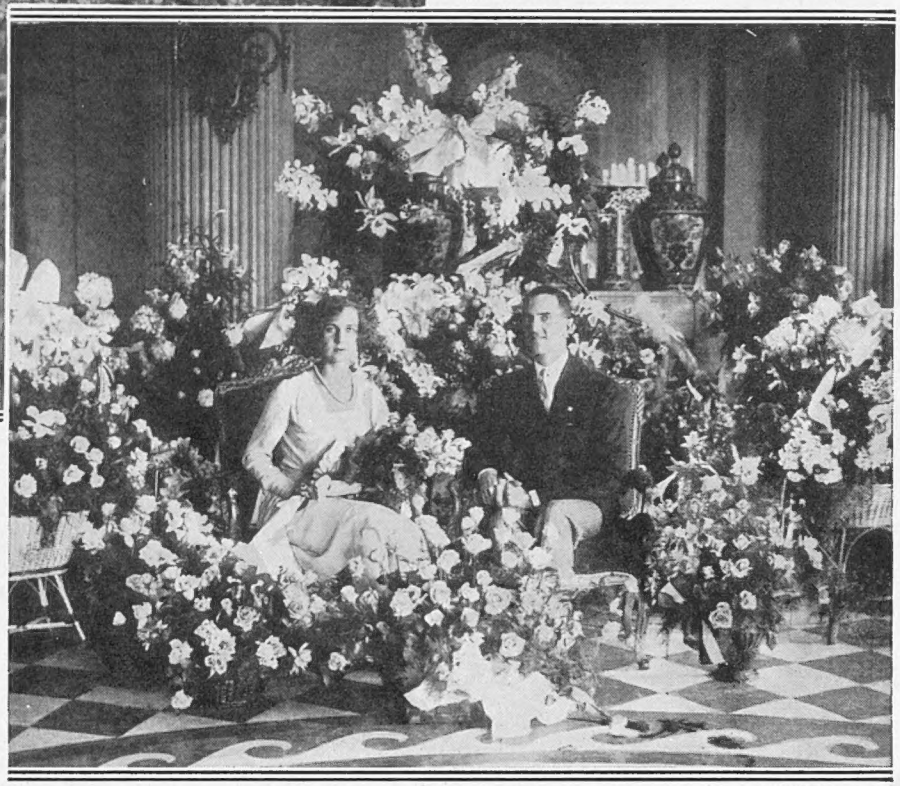
SOON after the news of the fire reached this country, those most famous stars, the Fairbanks, whom I saw with Lady Louis Mountbatten and Lord Westmorland one night last week, left for Paris. I always like the story of "Burghie," as Lord Westmorland is called by his friends, and the life-saving waistcoat presented to him by an affectionate aunt during the War. While in action in, I believe, the Iron Duke he was up in the crow's nest.

Shells were falling uncomfortably near, and Lord Westmorland bethought himself of the waistcoat he wore in case emergency developed into crisis. He started to inflate it according to directions, and he blew and blew so vigorously that when he came to abandon the crow's nest he'd blown the waistcoat up so much he couldn't get out

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten were also at a certain dance club in Bond Street on the previous evening. Upstairs in

THE LATEST ROYAL BETROTHAL





Keystone View

Prince Umberto, the Crown Prince of Italy, and Princess Marie José of Belgium at the reception held at the Italian Embassy in Brussels to celebrate their betrothal. The Prince's plucky conduct earlier in the day, when he narrowly missed assassination, won him unbounded praise and respect

the balcony the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton were entertaining a party of their more youthful friends, including Lady Ashley and Miss Jungman, whilst downstairs many heads turned to see Lady Diana Duff Cooper on her first appearance since her son was born.

She was with her husband, whom it is to be hoped will be found an accessible seat at some future by-election to strengthen the ranks of the Conservative debaters. Then there were Lady Peel (Miss Beatrice Lillie), Lord and Lady George Cholmondeley, Lord Adare, Lady Brecknock, Lord and Lady Stanley and Lady Maureen Stanley, as well as numberless other friends of Mr. "Freddie" Lonsdale, whom he was entertaining after the successful first night of his new play.

At the Call of the Hounds

HUNTING will inevitably draw many of those who were dancing into the country within the next few days when opening meets will start the season, and Melton Mowbray resumes its usual liveliness. Foxes, like the pheasants, are said to be nowhere scarce, and the recent rain has softened the hard packed ground.

The Duke and Duchess of York will be going to Naseby Hall in the first weeks of November, and though mourning will delay Princess Mary's and Lord Harewood's appearance with the Bramham Moor hounds, they will not be out of the field for the entire season. Before the death of the late Earl they had already had several mornings cubbing.

When Mr. Snowden's Hand Falls

IF the Socialists are to endorse their election pledges the "hunting class" must surely fall under Mr. Snowden's Budget appropriations. They cannot continue their present game of running with both hare and hounds, their electors must soon cry for blood, and if Mr. MacDonald cannot give it them Mr. Maxton will not silently abide such abandonment of Socialist principles.

Labour cannot live

Central News

The King, who is greatly improved in health, enjoyed his first shoot at Sandringham on the Tuesday of last week. His Majesty is seen bringing down a rocketer

HONOURING JOHN PEEL IN CUMBERLAND

for ever as "the best Conservative Government we have had in years." In the new Parliament briefless barristers will have something to occupy their empty hours in chambers, for there will be seventy of them spread over the Government and Opposition benches. Denied other means of advertisement, politics is an effective form of publicity for the barrister.

Lord Beaverbrook as Conservative Leader

I SEE the name of Lord Beaverbrook is being bandied about as a likely successor to Mr. Baldwin in the improbability of the Party overthrowing his leadership. It seems extremely remote that such a suggestion should materialise, for Lord Beaverbrook has usually preferred the part of stage prompter to that of active protagonist. Incidentally, a short while ago this very active newspaper proprietor was attacking protection for British films, now he is vigorously advocating Empire Free Trade with the assistance of tariffs.

Next week's "Bystander" will be a DOUBLE WINTER SPORTS NUMBER

Full of interesting pictures, articles and stories, it will deal fully with all aspects of Winter Sport and, of course, all the usual features will be included.

Don't miss this DOUBLE NUMBER at the usual SINGLE price of ONE SHILLING.

"Society" Talks on the Film

THE makers of talking films seem to be doing their best to atrophy the public's appreciation of their work. Their latest attempt at filling the evening's programme is to film a "Society" mannequin parade to the accompaniment of "Society" conversation. As so many of us unselfishly endure this type of entertain-

THE "BRIGHT YOUNG PEOPLE" BEING "BRIGHT" Fox Photo

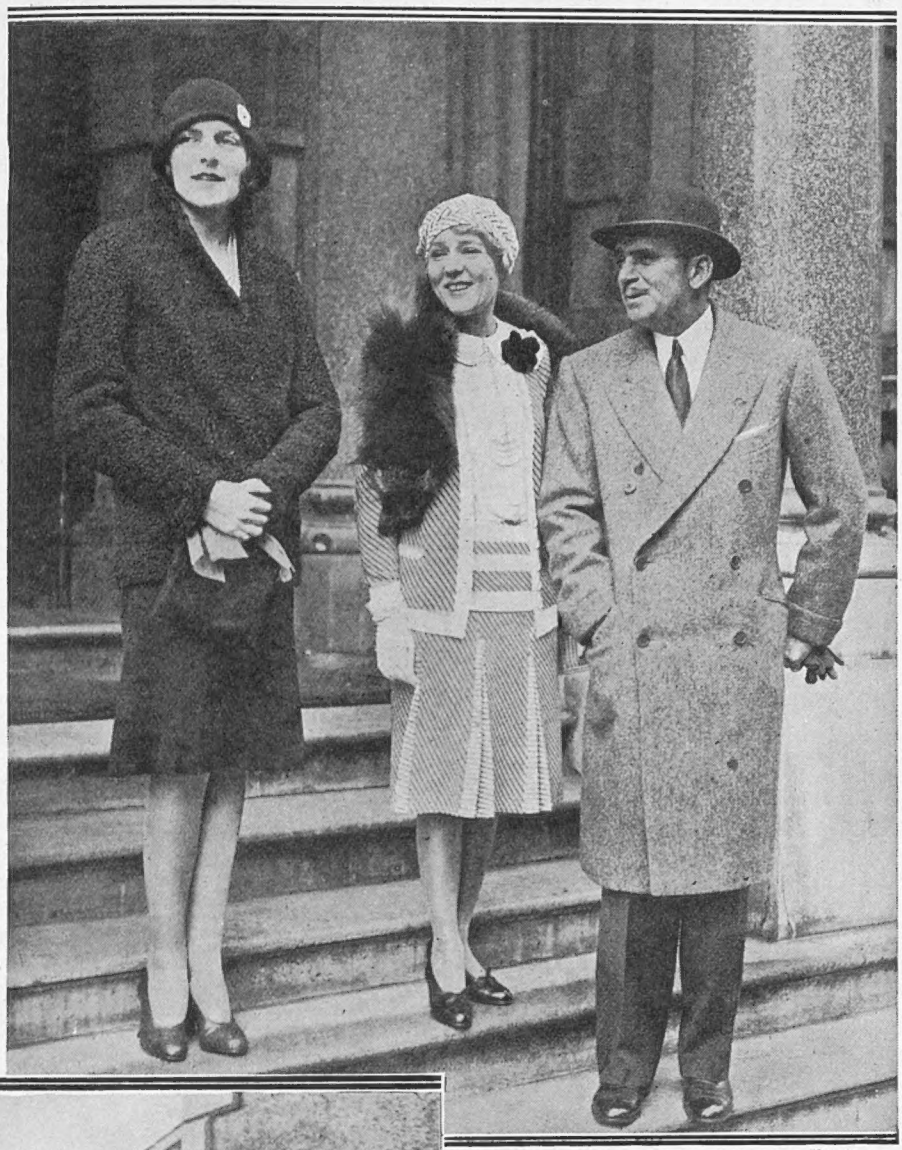
Some of the guests who attended the bottle party given by Mrs. Marjorie Firminger and Miss Olivia Wyndham, at Glebe Place, Chelsea, registering gaiety. Included in the group are Mr Hugh Wade, Mrs. D. Pelly and Miss K. Seymour

MISS JOAN DAVIES Raphael

The charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Davies. Her wedding to Mr. Harold F. G. Southey, the son of the late Canon Southey, will take place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on November 9

John Peel, of immortal memory, being honoured in the little village of Caldbeck, where a joint meet of the his centenary. In the background, H. Ben Goddart, the huntsman of the Cumberland Farmers', is seen blowing man is further marked in the illustration and verses on pages

SOCIETY GOES A-FILMING



Keystone

The famous film stars, Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Mary Pickford, with Lady Louis Mountbatten, whose guests they were during their recent visit to London. They are seen on the steps of her Town residence, Brook House

Topical

Blencathra and Cumberland Farmers' Hounds celebrated John Peel's horn, and the centenary of the famous hunts- 246 *and* 247

ment in the constant cause of Charity, it seems a little hard that we cannot escape it when we have to pay for our pleasure.

However, there were some who certainly enjoyed it—those who acted in it in Mrs. Rosita Forbes McGrath's house. Mrs. McGrath is not one of those who flinch before the obligations of celebrity, and under her assured guidance the wit and beauty of Lady Moira Combe, Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger, Lady Erroll, Mrs. Alan Adair, and Princess Bismarck were coaxed to display themselves before the camera and the microphone.

The Socialist Cabinet having fully exploited the publicity value of the talking film, it is only fair that Society should have the chance of showing what it can do.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Softer going, as a result of the arrival of welcome rain, will result in bigger fields and many turn-ups.

On the eve of the Cesarewitch I advised my followers to double The Macnab (now a strong favourite for the Cambridgeshire) with West Wicklow, who put us "one leg in" by winning the Cesarewitch.

I hope to find the winner of the Cambridgeshire and vote for YOSEMITE and a second each way bet on The MacNab.

Here are six more horses to follow:—

RICHBOROUGH
(B. or Br. G., by Gainsborough—Trastle).
Owner, Lord Derby. Trainer, Butters.
Finished with a strong challenge but failed by half-a-length to overhaul Sandio in the Stanton Plate (one mile) at Wolverhampton. Started at a big price, and should be followed next time out. Only second appearance this season.

FERRYSIDE
(Br. G., by Baydrop—Prilep).
Owner, Mr. J. R. Anthony. Trainer, J. Anthony.
Was the medium of useful wagers in the Madeley Maiden Handicap (one mile) at Wolverhampton. Was beaten a neck. Was placed in previous outing at Manchester in September.

UNWEPT
(Bl. G., by Tetrameter—Unhonoured).
Owner, Mr. W. Binnie. Trainer, Binnie.
One to follow in the North. Suffered a head defeat in the Kenton Selling Handicap (one mile) at Newcastle. Was quietly supported.

PRETTY SHOT
(B. F., by Sunstar—Kiss Cannon).
Owner, Mr. J. B. Joel. Trainer, C. Peck.
Was all the rage for Orleans Nursery Handicap (five furlongs) at Sandown Park and in a big field finished sixth. Had previously occupied fourth place to Eyes Front at Newmarket. Losses will be recovered.

ZIG ZAG
(Ch. G., by Tamar—Dress Rehearsal).
Owner, Mr. W. J. Peck. Trainer, Bazley.
At the finish of an exciting race was a head behind Cynos, the winner of the Scurry Welter Handicap at Newcastle. Ran well at Catterick Bridge on previous outing. Watch him in the North.

JULIA MANNERING
(Br. F., by Ellangowan—Harpoon).
Owner, Capt. G. Portman. Trainer, M. J. Jarvis.
Was backed down from 20 to 1 to 11 to 2 at Sandown Park and was third in a field of twenty-seven in the Hook Maiden Plate (five furlongs). An early success is confidently predicted.

The Queen Buys Her Christmas Presents

A REMINDER of the annual and awful task of buying Christmas presents is already manifest in many of the shops. I suppose the conscientious will at once respond to it and benefit by avoiding the usual scramble. The Queen is one who has to begin early with the purchase of something approaching three hundred gifts.

Her presents mostly consist of small antiques and pictures and furniture and decorative work by disabled ex-Service men. One advantage of giving three hundred

SKATING'S INCREASING POPULARITY

L.N.A.

Mr. Anthony Guinness, the younger son of Mr. Gerald Guinness, and his bride, Miss Juliet Williams. They were married on Tuesday of last week at St. Margaret's, Westminster

presents yearly is that by altering the gift to each recipient one could always buy the same three hundred objects for three hundred years without giving the same thing to the same person twice! But I do not imagine the Queen has recourse to such method.

One of the first official announcements of the movements of the youngest member of the Royal Family, independently of her parents, was chronicled in the Court Circular last week. No hint of nursemaid or nursery was there in the bareness of the phrase: "Princess Elizabeth of York . . . arrived at Sandringham." I imagine that as they read it the unfamiliarity of the Princess's full and proper description caused many momentarily to wonder who "Princess Elizabeth of York" might be.

The Ice Rink Ousts the Dance Floor

THE cupboards of the dancing teachers are likely to be pretty bare during the coming months. Nobody appears to want to learn any new steps, and man's natural disinclination to trouble about new dances after the first enthusiasm of youth is now abetted by everyone turning their attention to the skating rink.

Not since Prince's ceased in 1914 has skating in London had the opportunity of asserting its popularity, but now with new rinks cropping up where before they built dance palaces everybody is taking to skates. Here is opportunity, however, for all those dance teachers to turn themselves into skating instructors, for the demand will certainly exceed supply with the erection of ice-rinks all over the country.

Many will no doubt have

Lenare

Mr. James G. D. Stannus and his bride, Miss Frances James, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. Haweis James, after their wedding at St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Mr. Stannus is the younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel T. R. H. Stannus and of Mrs. Graydon Bradley

to accompany their training with physical exercises, for it is one thing to guide an elderly lady into the newest dance steps and another to support her entire weight as she nervously flounders over the ice.

Sir Samuel and Lady Maud Hoare are two elegant exponents of figure skating that the beginner might observe to his advantage some day at the Ice Club in the Grosvenor Road. Lady Carlisle and Lady Londonderry frequently skate there, as do those two distinguished sailors, Lord Jellicoe and Admiral Sir Charles Madden.

When "Dizzy" Bought an Old Master

THE "little season" sales at Christie's will

THE DIFFICULTIES OF BARGAIN HUNTING

DRAWN BY HELEN MCKIE

FUN AT THE MOTOR SHOW BALL AT COVENT GARDEN

Revellers at the Motor Show Ball on the floor of the Opera House. Among those in fancy dress are Mr. Colvin Preston, seen holding up a property lamppost, Mr. Baugham, with wireless attachment, Mr. F. S. Bennett as a lamp signal and Mr. Johnny Buchanan as a flower girl

once again bring together those collectors and connoisseurs whose hopes are dashed or fulfilled by the fall of the auctioneer's hammer. To-day the private collector has little chance in competing with the professional dealer, for few have the means to compete with the resources of the Duveens, the Seligmans, the Colnaghis.

To-day one has about as much chance of picking up a valuable picture as a bargain in the open market as of finding a buttercup growing in Piccadilly Circus, though in reading through the review of last year's sales at Christie's I was surprised to see that one or two pictures were sent up unsuspected of great value that turned out to be worth a good price. Having said that I trust such finds will not result in Christie's being swamped with every picture and panel that has long been collecting the dust of the garret and box-room.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a frequent visitor to the saleroom, as were some of his predecessors like Lord Rosebery, Lord Balfour and Lord Oxford and Asquith, but none has enriched our national collection as did Disraeli. When First Lord of the Treasury he visited Christie's, and seeing Pierodella Francesca's picture of the "Nativity," he instructed the Director of the National Gallery to buy it. It was secured for two thousand three hundred guineas. It must now be worth at least a £100,000.

Lucky Numbers

THE large crowd which attended the Schubert Supper-Dance, which took place at Grosvenor House last Thursday in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor, found the ballroom more or less disguised as an old-world Viennese Biergarten, but I hasten to add that the drinking of beer was by no means compulsory. Indeed, gold foil bottles were far more in evidence than were pewter pots! Among the many interests was the drawing for prizes, the holders of the programmes bearing the numbers called out being the recipients. The first seven numbers all drew blanks, although the prizes were really valuable — indeed the first prize was a motor car. Whether it was because people felt, as well they might, that they had had such good value in the way of dancing, supper and entertainment that they hesitated to claim more, or merely because their luck was out, that no one came forward, I don't know, but I noticed several programmes lying about apparently discarded and unwanted. What a chance for the grasping and greedy to make a tour of collection just before the draw starts!

Lenare

Miss Laetitia Bosanquet Melsome, the only daughter of Paymaster-Captain Melsom, R.N., and Mrs. Melsome, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Robert Barrow-Simonds, R.M.

AT THE PLAY

A TROPICAL

"Heat Wave," at the St. James's Theatre

ROLAND PERTWEE in his play *Heat Wave* at the St. James's Theatre has not been precise in mentioning where the action takes place. He merely says an Oriental Town in a district belonging to the British Empire. This may be "Ceylon's sunny shore" or "India's coral strand," or in the country where elephants are engaged day in and day out "a-piling teak," but if there is doubt about the locality there is no doubt whatever that the author tells a first-rate, interesting story.

FOR hero we have a man for whom women fall, despite the fact that he looks upon the whisky when it is yellow. A young girl throws herself at his head. She is firmly repulsed; but this does not prevent her a few hours later visiting his bungalow after dinner. Here she is found by her sister-in-law, who also loves the

"HEAT WAVE," AT THE ST. JAMES'S

No play with a tropical milieu would be complete without a Scottish doctor, and here is Eugene Leahy as one putting up a smoke screen

The slow-witted jealous husband (David Hawthorne) having a few words with his sister (Ann Todd), a young woman who throws herself at the hero's head, while on the next page——

TALE and WEST END WIT By Vernon Woodhouse

Sketches of "Heat Wave," at the St. James's Theatre.

By H. H. HARRIS

——the epigrammatic hero (Herbert Marshall) is pictured often full of spirits and always in love with the heroine (Phyllis Neilson-Terry), who compromises herself in order to save her sister-in-law Gaspers can be noticed in the cigarette case as well as in the audience thrilled by this strong play

hero, but comes merely to "rescue" the child. The jealous husband turns up with a revolver, which he uses on the owner of the bungalow. He believes the shot fatal and rings up the police, his defence being that he was preserving his wife's honour. This excuse so enrages the innocent wife that she leaves him and departs for England by boat—a boat which the hero, having sold his property, also takes.

A STRAIGHTFORWARD story well told, because there is in the writing more than a hint of clever psychology and good character drawing. In drawing-room melodrama—no matter where the locale may be—as a rule psychology and character find no place. *Heat Wave* should attract all sorts and conditions of playgoers, despite a slightly perfunctory last act, because there is an appeal in it to both the mind and the senses.

THE play also possesses another appeal—that of admirable acting. Phyllis Neilson-Terry, lately, has not had much luck. She has given of her very best in plays which failed to hit the public taste. I prophesy, however, that she will act the suspected wife for weeks and weeks, and in doing so give pleasure to thousands of playgoers. As the hero, Herbert Marshall was perfect. I know no actor on the stage who could have better squeezed the last drop of effect out of the part. As the jealous husband David Hawthorne cleverly suggested the unpleasantness of the man, and Ann Todd as the very forward young person was quite effective in a difficult part.

"Canaries Sometimes Sing," at the Globe Theatre

THE action of Frederick Lonsdale's new play takes place without a change of scene, there are only four characters to carry on the action, and the story is a sort of fight in which there is a boxer in each corner of the ring, a fight conducted in some cases without regard to Queensberry rules.

Both husbands dislike their wives and both wives dislike their husbands. The host, Geoffrey Lymes, is a successful playwright accused of writing potboilers, and, if the truth must be told, just a bit of a bounder. His wife, Anne Lymes, is a lion hunter of peculiarly mangy literary lions, with a romantic temperament and a habit of indulging in devastating baby talk.

The guests are Ernest Melton, who is deficient in grey matter and still more deficient in humour, who will one day be a duke, and his wife, Elma, married out of the chorus, who lived in Streatham and who, when residing there in extreme respectability with mother, must have made that salubrious suburb sit up and take notice with her tongue.

THE two husbands are old school friends, and were at Oxford together; the two wives hate each other on sight, and at the end of the first round, in which the verbal blows produce perpetual pyrotechnics, the quartette go in to dinner with the chorus girl wife suggesting to her host what a perfect partner *his* wife would make for *her* husband!

ONE month later we find Ernest Melton in the clutches of Anne Lymes, to the extreme satisfaction of Geoffrey Lymes and Elma Melton. The former pair have been purposely thrown together, and Ernest finds himself, if not in Chancery, at least bound for the Divorce Court.

But when the part of co-respondent looms ahead Ernest manages to wriggle out of his predicament, which does not suit Elma's book, so she falsely confesses that she has been unfaithful and that Geoffrey is the guilty party.

THAT brings us to the end of the second round, and the third is equally full of feints, side-stepping, straight verbal lefts and plenty of body blows, the latter from the ex-chorus girl, who sometimes aims low! What the finish is I decline to state, but the referee, in the shape of a first night's audience, gave this witty fight an enthusiastic welcome. When the quartette gauge the pitch of the house they will be even better than they were on the first night. I missed one or two of Lonsdale's lines and, if they were as good as those I heard, I missed a treat.

RONALD SQUIRE is the perfection of easy and impudent assurance as the dramatist. No one could be a more perfectly portentous ass than Athole Stewart. Mabel Sealby was both kittenish and cattish as the dramatist's wife; while Yvonne Arnaud, ex-chorus girl, was adorable. She gives such polish and point to all she does that I decline to believe she would have been in any chorus for long. If laughter aids digestion this is an ideal after-dinner entertainment. V. W.

CLEMENCE DANE on the Book of the Month—"Whiteoaks," by Mazo de la Roche

WHITEOAKS is a book for the reader who has been brought up on *The Daisy Chain* and *The Mill on the Floss*, for the reader who cannot travel without a Trollope in his suit-case, or *Pride and Prejudice* in his pocket, who has *The Forsyte Saga* and *The Green Mirror, Tents of Israel* and *Buddenbrooks* on his bedroom shelf. *Whiteoaks*, that is to say, is a family novel, and an exceedingly good one.

THE eldest of the Whiteoaks is a hundred-year-old grandmother, who combines the characteristics of Hugh Walpole's Duchess of Wrexe and G. B. Stern's matriarch. She has two sons, Uncle Ernest and Uncle Nicholas; there is also an Aunt Augusta. The third generation consists of Renny, Piers and Meggie and their half-brothers, Wakefield and Finch. The family lives an English country life on its Canadian estate. It keeps up all the English habits, devotion to sport, devotion to the open air, and devotion to each other. But devotion does not prevent the family being critical and quarrelsome. The master of the house and one of the principal figures in the story is Renny, who knows so much more about horses than about human beings, but who means so well. He governs his young half-brothers, and on him the elders depend. Eden, the poet, has deserted his wife, Alayne, and disappears before the story begins; Piers is half-happily married to Pheasant; Wakefield is a delicate, precocious child. The real centre of the story is Finch, the hobbledehoy. Here is a sketch of him, watching some races.

MAZO DE LA ROCHE

Whose novel, "Whiteoaks" (Macmillan, 7s. 6d. net), has been selected by the Book Society as the Book of the Month

THE boy's imagination, liberated by the tumult of plunging horses, spreads itself like a fantastic screen between him and the reality of the scene before him. He sees Renny's mare, galloping towards him, continue to bear upon him instead of following the track. He sees her galloping across him, trampling him, crushing him under hoof, annihilating him . . . . He next witnesses the release of his soul from the trampled body. He sees his soul, opaque, iridescent, strangely shaped, leap to the back of the mare, behind Renny, clasping him about the waist and soaring with him up among the lights which rise in rushing billows of colour toward a thunderous sky above. . . . He is clinging to the paling, a lanky boy with hollow cheeks, hungry eyes, one bony shoulder-blade projecting a sharp ridge through his coat.

A FAMILY is always irritated by its adolescent artists, and the Whiteoaks are no exception. Everybody likes Finch, contemptuously, and nobody for one moment leaves him alone or leaves him uncriticised. His shyness, his affectionate, clumsy ways, his ignorance, his youth, are minor crimes; but it is a very serious matter that he should adore music, have a poor physique, fail in an examination of some importance, and occasionally help himself to his brothers' cigarettes. Nobody dreams that he is a young creature of genius. On the contrary, his music is stopped kindly and firmly by the elder brother, his acting is frowned upon, his friends discountenanced. Inevitably he follows his bent behind his family's back. He forms an orchestra; this is discovered, and there is a family row. Indeed, Finch decides that he can stand it no longer and runs away.

THE family is genuinely upset. It is extremely fond of Finch, and has no notion of being separated from him, no doubt at all that it knows better than he does what is good for him. Finch for his part is horribly homesick, but undaunted; and it is possible that he would not have returned, in spite of the expedition to New York of Uncle Ernest and Renny to fetch him, had not Eden reappeared. Eden is an older, a worthless Finch, a Finch with no honesty to reinforce his charm. He is discovered ill in New York, and his reappearance alters the whole situation. For Finch's adventures, of course, form only a part of the plot, though it may as well be confessed that the return of Eden to Alayne, the love affairs of Alayne and Renny and the eventual escape of Eden interest one principally because they affect the development of Finch. Finch is an enchanting creation; and we turn with relief from the emotions of his elders to follow the course of his remarkable alliance with his most remarkable grandmother.

FOR years the Whiteoaks family have asked the question, to whom will her money go? Each member has his hopes. Ernest ought to get it; or will Nicholas? heaven forbid that it should go to Wakefield! It ought to go to Renny; it is only just that it should go to Renny! Imagine, then, the family fury and his own bewilderment when the old lady leaves her fortune to Finch, the hobbledehoy. The shocking, ugly, understandable, extraordinarily natural scene in which the family tells Finch what it thinks of him is one of the best things in the book, which is more like real life than any book has any right to be.

BY LESLIE BUTLER

"*Mr. Brown, I believe? My grandson works in your office*"
"*Oh, yes! He went to your funeral last week!*"

The Robe de Studio Challenges the Teagown

By Blanche B. Elliott

Dress for our leisure or restful moments has become as intriguing and sophisticated as that for more formal wear, showing many new phases which it would be as well to pause and note. In England the teagown is typical as a form of dress that does not exist exactly elsewhere—possibly because tea is not the ceremony it is here—and also partly because it is a misnomer and the teagown is worn at dinner when dining en famille. There are efforts to bring this garment into modern line by calling it a "tea frock" or "cocktail frock," both of which fail because the original garment is essentially a gown and not a frock, which is a distinction with a subtle difference. In France, the robe intime most resembles it in spirit, but even that does not possess all its attributes; for it must imply restfulness in its flowing line, a languorous grace in its negligently trailing draperies.

One sometimes wonders whether the English do not, after all, understand clothes best by refusing to be subjugated by them, and treating them in a truly utilitarian spirit. Thus we lead in sportswear because we always insist on suitability in sports clothes (the essence of good dressing), while Englishmen's taste in dress (their own) is proverbial. It is in our lighter moments we are not always so successful. And the tea or rest gown is a case of such utilitarian dressing. Madame returns from the day's shopping, the long motor trip, the golfing or tennis match, and "can't be bothered" with the formality of an evening frock, and just wants to "slip into" something in which she can completely relax. Thus the teagown is evolved; and it need not be such a simple affair either, but can make up in the charm of its colouring, the beauty of its material and a certain dignity of line for the casual use to which it may be put. It may be, too, that it accords well with some old historic background of carved oak, wide staircase, or tones in with mellowed tapestries, while the little coatees which so often accompany it provide the slight wrap so entirely necessary in our chilly, ill-heated rooms.

Now something very new and modern has stepped in as though to challenge the teagown in its own field, and it is more than the glorified pyjama outfit which was shown, of course, in every collection. It is a garment with trousered legs intriguingly veiled, hidden or merely suggested, and it is far too elaborate to be intended for the precincts of bedroom or boudoir alone. Louiseboulanger does this ensemble very successfully, and most often calling it the robe de studio, which she assures me has achieved a grand success. In exquisite colourings and lovely materials it still remains utterly feminine. Others do it, too, notably Lanvin, calling one "Ali Baba," but they are termed deshabilles or pyjamas. It remains for Louiseboulanger to call them "robes," which gives them a new significance, and the popular saying in Paris is that what she does today others will do a year or two hence. We shall see.

That the teagown is a relic of the past is the contention of Miss Blanche Elliott who, in the accompanying article, tells how the trim neo-Georgian pyjamas have ousted their Edwardian counterpart

This "back to the harem" touch was a feature of many collections, but few have dared to give it more than a cursory mention, though it has a curious significance when allied to the complete return to ultra-femininity in dress. It is as though wearied of seeing so much expanse of bare leg with the short skirt the grands couturiers decided not only to veil it but clad it in trousers. Worth shows many evening frocks with the short pants underneath which look like underskirts until the mannequin walks, or, as illustrated, he veils ankle-length knickers with green lace which is cut in flute-like godets, a style he applies to day and evening materials. Cheruit does again and again the little evening frock which opens in front to show, or rather to insinuate, that there are little matching bifurcations beneath, until one is left rather blankly wondering what is behind it all? Is it just the thin end of the wedge, and are we all to be trousered ere long?

Bottle-green lace forms this dress with short bolero at back and godets cut umbrella shape, opening to show long knickers of green lace
Model Worth, Paris

For sports wear the little matching knicker is gaining ground — and what could be more eminently practical? For golfing on a windy day, for instance, what could be better than to have such a workmanlike kit? In its newest style of blouse and knickers in one with a skirt clasped on at the waistbelt it is better still, and evolves what must prove to be the ideal sports outfit. The new soft leathers being impervious to wind and weather are delightful for making the knickers, and could very well match the leather jacket or "wind breaker," as it is variously known. In the new, soft-printed effects, leather is particularly attractive. One has to feel it carefully to prove it is leather, and then not be sure of it! When made up with crêpe de Chine shirts in some bright matching or contrasting colour it creates a sports costume too enchanting for words.

It was while I was looking at some of these delightful printed leathers in a West End shop that a fair Swedish airwoman dashed in—just out of her aeroplane. She had come to order her new flying suit of leather, and had flown all the way here to choose it! And that is the very latest trousered outfit that Eve has adopted. A charming little model for "le sport"—though it did not stipulate which kind—was carried out in white crêpe de Chine with a tuck-in blouse and skirt which buttoned up the centre and was opened to show a pair of practical culottes beneath. These in the English translation were described as "drawers," a name which conjures up to the horrified mind a vision of white calico edged with lace, worn only by the extremely proper yet with something extraordinarily improper in their mere mention, but in reality exactly the same as the garments to which we airily and unashamedly refer to now.

Beach pyjamas are, of course, another version of this universal trouser fashion, and I am not sure they have not been the direct cause of all the pother. No one thought of wearing pyjamas so openly before the Lido vogue. These are done in vivid colourings and original styles by Mary Lowitsky and Schiaparelli, both Russians who have brought something of the Orient into their bright and bizarre colourings and their brilliantly daring conceptions. But whether the teagown is to develop two legs or keep to the gentle drapings of a skirt, it is an important item in our wardrobe. And whatever guise the negligée may take, it must be exquisitely soft and becoming. The prominence the grands couturiers give to boudoir wear forces one to realise that even in moments of relaxation and leisure there is no respite from the task of being decorative and looking as attractive as possible, and the days when "any old thing" will do for the house are gone for ever.

A lovely example of a teagown in periwinkle blue chiffon brocaded in velvet with loosely floating back and flounced train. Model Molyneux

Gossip

WHEN "Master's" Club was launched a few years ago upon a London that was gradually growing less dull, the cognoscenti, likewise the intelligentsia and the jeunesse dorée (and any other foreign name you may like to add for the fun of the thing), predicted a great future. "Here," they said, with the greatest cheeriness and optimism, "is something that will be as successful as the first syllable!" For "Master's," be it said, was the soul-mate or astral complement of Buck's, and the name of Buckmaster was mentioned much in connection with both.

I was several times conducted to those light-oak panelled rooms on a first floor on the sunny side of Savile Row, to sample the best cocktails I ever tasted and to gaze at strange frescoes—Spanish I believe. But, regrettable though it may have been, I'm bound to say that we usually had an alfresco meal, in the sense that it was all frescoes and no diners.

IN other words, the place was so terribly exclusive that hardly anyone went there at all. Some of the great ones in the land were taking an interest, and election was by invitation and all that sort of thing, and no one, apparently, could put anybody up. "Cock and hen" clubs are risky experiments if they are not run on exactly the right lines and if Diplomacy is not spelled with the deuce of a big D. So Master's fizzled out. But lo and behold, in its place and on its premises has sprung up "Nash's." Whether or no there is a Mr., a Mrs., a Miss, or even a Beau Nash I know not. But in charge are Frank Covell and Tommy Graves, and that is sufficient to make me wish to nash my teeth, in the masticating sense, in the reborn club quite a lot of times. For here are epicures in the real sense. And they can do a "double turn" at any moment, compared with which the wittiest and most elaborate cabaret seems dull and silly.

An excellent action study of racehorses out for their mornin

Dorothy Wilding

Mrs Patrick Campbell as she appears in the name part of "The Matriarch," by G. B. Stern, at the Royalty Theatre. It is expected that this play of Jewish family life, which celebrates its two hundredth performance to-morrow, October 31, will run into the New Year

I CAN imagine no more appalling title to be weighed down with than "the world's sweetheart." Yet Mary Pickford manages not only to survive it but to live up to it. I saw her for a few minutes after her arrival in London the other day, the first time since a lunch party the Cochrans gave at Wembley, when Gladys Cooper was also present—an awe-inspiring gathering of renowned beauty. Yet about Mary Pickford there was nothing awe-inspiring. I happened to be in agonies with that unromantic complaint, toothache, and the "world's sweetheart," instead of concerning herself with other glittering celebrities, devoted much of her attention to writing down remedies for me on a scrap of paper, and telling me what I ought and ought not to eat and drink.

By Wilson Fenning

HEAD GARDENER: "Bad enough litterin' up the garden with these brazen 'ussies, wivout expectin' me to give 'em a bath. Why, I 'ouldn't do that to me own missus!"

We must

Express Photos

canter. The photograph was taken on the Downs near Epsom, one of the most important racing centres in the South

EXCEPT that she is, alas, shingled, Mary is exactly the same, and so is "Doug." It is extraordinary, but none the less a fact, that neither of them puts on the least atom of "side." They may have enemies in Hollywood, but I doubt it. I have never met any members of the film gang on this side of the Atlantic—an equally tough crew—who have ever said a word against them.

It is not true, by the way, that Mary Pickford was booed in her talkie, "Coquette." In certain places the bad projection, or whatever the technical term is, was booed, and rightly, but there was never any personal demonstration against Mary.

MR. SOLLY JOEL'S pheasant-shooting party seems, from all accounts, to have been as gorgeous and as splendiferously done as the annual Ascot Sunday party at Maiden Erlegh, which must have been gratifying to the birds. Whether the pheasants shot were all of them golden pheasants history does not record. If they were not they certainly should have been, and the omission will doubtless be rectified next year. The affair is to me, I fear, reminiscent of the "Follies" burlesque of a millionaire's shooting party when

"All the wild rabbits came
out of their warren
To gaze on the jewels of
MacSolomon'ssporran."

WE are rather more than threatened with a return of the "infant prodigy." He is with us. Long ago, in the pre-War days, more or less musical little Lord Fauntleroys strutted their brief hour upon the concert stage, wore out a couple of velvet suits, and then were heard no more. There were exceptions who continued to win fame as adult players, but very few. I had imagined the prodigy, as such, was dead. But we have just had Master Wolfi, aged thirteen or thereabouts, playing the violin, and Master Cherkassky, who is seventeen, playing the piano at the Queen's and Albert Halls, and more of the same type are threatened.

THESE lads play quite well, and should have a brilliant future. The latter, particularly, can do wonderful things with his piano. But neither has yet the mentality to give in public a really satisfactory version of any real music, and concert audiences, composed nowadays of music-lovers rather than of the emotional half-wits agape for sensation who were their Victorian predecessors, expect mature mentality above all things. Such premature appearances are often, in addition, unfair to the prodigy, though I suppose he picks up a bit of money. They give him many ideas and send him off his balance.

Prodigies have not been allowed to run riot on the British stage since the days of "Master Betty, the Infant Roscius." Why should the concert platform sustain them? We don't have twelve-year-olds playing

BY ROBERTS JOANSON

"What does Mabel usually go round in?"

"The shabbiest little rainbow jumper and simply *too* awful brogues!"

Lenare

Annie Croft, who plays opposite Tom Burke in the new musical play, 'Dear Love," which opened a preliminary provincial tour at Birmingham last week. It will later be seen in the West End, at a theatre which has yet to be fixed

HIGH SPEED AT THE SAVOY

Shakespeare. Why should we have twelve-year-olds playing Beethoven?

S

SEYMOUR HICKS and I were discussing murder the other night. Not the murder of anyone in particular, though quarry would possibly not be lacking. We talked of the murder years and years ago in a tunnel on the Brighton line, when one Percy Lefroy was seen stepping on to the platform with the watch and chain of the murdered man in his sock. "Why didn't he wear a clock in his stocking?" said Seymour. "So much more fashionable, and more comfortable, too, don't you think?"

S

THE new Savoy Theatre is nouveau art in that it is very nouveau and very art, and, in point of fact, more German than French. No theatre in the world is quite like it; and how many tins of metal polish Rupert D'Oyly Carte and handsome Dick Collet will have to buy every week to keep all those sheets of tin, or whatever they are, nice and bright, heaven only knows. The profits of the Gilbert and Sullivan season are likely to allow of a good many.

But the place, wonderful as it is, is not very "theatrefied," in the sense that I used to know theatres, and like the sight and even the smell of 'em. How many years it is since one saw what is called "the green baize curtain" (though it was really made, I believe, of a sort of billiard-table cloth)? For some inscrutable reason that green curtain, the glow of the footlights on it, and its rise to reveal a pseudo-classical act-drop had a pleasurable sense of anticipation that seems to have vanished to-day. Eheu fugaces!

S

DR. MALCOLM SARGENT, the conductor-in-chief of the G. and S. season, an amiable and elegant youth who comes from Stamford, in Lincolnshire, is such a hustler that had it not been for the encores it would have been possible to fit in at least two performances of *The Gondoliers* between 8 p.m. and 11 p.m. He is a good musician, but a very fast young man. Since the season is limited and many people can spare only one evening à la D'Oyly Carte, why not give two of the operas on the same night —say, *Patience* from 8 to 9.30 and *The Mikado* from 9.30 to 11?

I fancy H. A. Lytton and Bertha Lewis, and others of the hard-worked principals, might have something to say. Otherwise it would be perfectly feasible. Derek Oldham and Winnie Melville had strengthened the cast of *The Gondoliers*, and

By A. R. Cane

A MODERN GUY FORKS

Nellie Briercliffe (sister-in-law of the ex-M.P. Mrs. Hilton Philipson) had returned to the fold as Tessa. Later she was supping at the Savoy grill-room, whither many had come along, both from the Savoy Theatre and from the Freddy Lonsdale first night. A very gay scene.

S

NOW that the magistrates have put their beaks together, as it were, over the question of whether "joy-riding" is or is not theft, perhaps we shall get some definite decision on that moot point. I have never been able to understand why the point should ever have been "moot" (whatever that may mean). If a total stranger takes one's car and goes for a run in it without permission of course it is theft. Even if you cannot proceed

Pacific and Atlantic

A stalwart veteran of some thirty-three years, which was a starter in the London to Brighton Old Crocks Race. It has the distinction of being the first car in which the late King Edward rode, and is a 6 h.p. twin-cylinder Daimler

OXFORD ON THE RUGGER FIELD

against him on the grounds of having stolen your petrol (for sometimes he fills up the tank when he has finished and actually leaves more than he found), there is surely theft to the extent of having caused the car wear and tear, and thus having stolen some of its value. The remarkable thing is that it is only a car that one has been able to "borrow," and get off scot-free. When the object is a horse, a kettle, a wife, or the garden hose there is always the deuce and all to pay!

CAUSE FOR HOPE

"I have never lost all hope of seeing the resurrection of the Liberal Party"—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

NO little Liberal should wear
A mournful and a downcast air
Or whisper that the Party Cause
Was killed in the Election wars,
Because, although things may look black
And numbers be reduced, alack,
There still is one who begs to doubt
That you are really down and out.

Let Jimmy Thomas strut in state
With evening dress immaculate
And Ramsay score a hit beyond
What's sometimes called "the Herring Pond,"
Whilst Rip Van Winkle Tories snore
Away the name they won of yore
There still is one (as I have said)
Who will not call the Party dead.

And when I tell you that this one
Is Mr. G. K. Chesterton,
That doyen among honest men
Who earn a living with their pen,
I'm sure your hearts will lighten and,
A little but a valiant band,
You'll raise on high in fervent glee
Your battle cry of "Weight and See.'

B. W.

By Frank Ford

"On my last African expedition I bagged a dozen elephants."
"Marvellous! How *did* you get them in the bags!"

THE drought made the start of the Rugger season anything but a soft passage for those who risked their limbs on grounds which were far too like concrete to make play anywhere near safe, and it was not to be wondered at that the casualty lists were far above normal. Grounds are better now, and when I went down to Teddington to see Oxford play their first match of the term against the Old Merchant Taylors conditions were ideal.

Far from ideal, though, was the showing of the Dark Blues, and even when one makes allowances for the absence of the Old Blue, W. F. Lusty, and the Australasian fresher, F. M. Edwards, the fact remains that Oxford were nowhere near the usual standard. Their tackling was one of their chief weaknesses, and they proved only too thoroughly that he who hesitates is lost indeed when it comes to collaring a hefty forward. In J. A. Adamson, however, Oxford have a full-back of outstanding merit, and they need one!

Photographs

Henry Ainley is seen above recording at the Blattner Sound Studios, at Elstree. Although he admitted at a recent public dinner that he had heard nothing further, it is to be hoped that the powers that be have not failed to appreciate so fine an exponent of the English language

Sasha

This quaint coiffure has been adopted by Miss Binnie Hale from her own exclusive idea! The curls can be seen in reality at the Hippodrome where she stars in "Mr. Cinders"

"Lauretta and her loathly cousin heading straight for me"

A DEAL OF TROUBLE

"NIGEL, darling," Lauretta began. "Isn't it too thrilling to think that dear old Peter will be back in England again to-night?"

"Why they want to give leave to a public menace like your cousin has me beat," I retorted coldly. Peter, I should point out, is one of those terribly hearty and fit blokes who cracks jokes before breakfast, has what he fondly imagines is a sense of humour, and is sufficiently debased to take good money for making a lot of decent sailors wonder why they ever joined the Navy by putting them through a form of torture he is pleased to call "physical jerks." Besides, the pest is keen on Lauretta, and takes advantage of the fact that he is her cousin to be a darned sight too matey.

"Of course you'll keep to-morrow free so that we can all three make a day of it," continued Lauretta.

"I'm most awfully sorry," I retorted hastily, "but I simply *can't* manage it. I have to go out of town that day."

"Where to?"

"Er-er-Newmarket. Tommy wants me to have a look at that new horse of his, you know," I went on hastily.

"But Tommy's on the Riviera," retorted Lauretta.

"Yes, but he didn't take the horse with him. It can't talk French, you know."

"Don't be fatuous," Lauretta said severely. "The whole thing looks decidedly shady to me."

"Well—er—it's a dark horse, you see.

"I see well enough! I only hope you won't get into mischief."

"A loose-box does not mean loose morals," I retorted coldly as I kissed her good night.

I DON'T know how it happened, but I overslept good and hearty the next morning, and it was close on noon when I reached the street. It was a lovely morning, so I decided to stroll up Bond Street to the garage instead of 'phoning for the bus. I was strolling along thinking of this and that when I happened to glance across the road and got as nasty a shock as I've ever had. There were Lauretta and her loathly cousin steering a course through the traffic and heading straight for me. I took one frenzied look round me and then dived into the nearest shop in double-quick time, and it wasn't till I'd shut the door firmly behind me and shot across the floor to the counter farthest from the street that I realised what sort of a joint I had entered. Then it dawned on me in its full horror. I was trapped in one of those ghastly places which specialise in crêpe de Chine and lace undies and whatnots generally. The most intimate sort of clothing was heaped about all over the place, and you couldn't look anywhere without seeing the sort of kit that respectable bachelors are supposed to know nothing about, and I don't mind saying that my manly brow was more than a little clammy.

I was just on the point of chancing my luck and popping out again when a tall, willowy girl appeared on the scene.

By Chicot

"Shall we sit down?"
"No. If we do you'll try to kiss me"
"I swear I won't!"
"Oh! Then we might just as well stand!"

"WHAT can I show you, sir?" she asked.

"I—er—don't quite know," I stuttered, wondering if I looked as much like a dirty dog as I felt. "That is to say, I mean—oh, lord!"

"What's the matter?" she demanded in surprise, as I stood goggling at the door outside which loomed the figures of Lauretta and Peter.

"My fiancée," I panted, fairly losing my head. "I'm supposed to be out of town. There'll be a frightful stink if she finds me here. That poisonous cousin of hers with her."

I must say that girl rallied round like a real sportsman.

"Pop behind that counter," she said in a funny, choking sort of voice. "If you turn your back and pretend to be arranging those boxes, they probably won't spot you.

I hopped behind the counter and started footling about with the boxes just as the door opened and Lauretta and her cousin breezed in.

The girl went across to meet them, and I heard Lauretta greet her. Apparently she was some friend of hers who had just started in business, for Lauretta introduced her to her cousin and then they stood talking for a few minutes in low tones.

THE girl Priscilla led them to the counter behind which I was silently yammering. "Oh, Mr. Simpkins," she said loudly, "kindly show moddom that new line in georgette cami-bockers."

I was just wondering who Mr. Simpkins could be when I got a dig in the small of the back.

I turned round, feeling a pretty average sort of an ass, and grinned. Both Lauretta and Peter stared at me as though they'd never seen me before.

"Er—hullo, old thing," I stammered.

"Don't be familiar with the customers, Mr. Simpkins," said the tall girl. "Your aren't working in Whitechapel now, remember."

Peter grinned. "A tough-looking customer," he remarked in a loud aside to Lauretta. "Think he's honest?"

"He doesn't look brainy enough to be otherwise," she answered.

"Here, dash it all," I burst out. "Stop rotting, Lauretta. I mean to say, just because I haven't got——"

"You haven't got those cami-bockers yet," cut in the tall girl icily.

"Curse it all!" I yelled. "Get out of my way. I'm going!"

"Yes, and without a reference!" retorted the owner of the vile shop.

"One second," said Peter, grabbing my arm as I made for the door. "I want some socks, my good man."

"If you'll step outside," I fairly yelled, "I'll give you two socks, right on the jaw!"

As the door banged behind me three voices were upraised in loud and assinine laughter.

I GOT a note from Lauretta by the last post. "Darlingest," she wrote. "I hope you had a nice day at Newmarket. I was so low-spirited at being without you that I simply *had* to go and order lots of really extravagant new undies. I won't go into details, as I'm sure you have not even heard of such things as cami-bockers. My best love, Lauretta. P.S.—I'm having the account sent to you. P.P.S.—It's a large one, darling."

There's just *one* thing I want to do. That's to meet the bright lad who first said, "The woman always pays!"

MANVILLE KEITH.

BY JOHN PIMLOTT

"STRAIGHT HOME, JAMES!"

JOHN PEEL'S

D'ye ken John Peel had a dream that's grim,
And he showed good sport in his coat so trim
With the fox and the nightmare a-hunting him
Ere he woke for the Meet in the morning?

BY REBEL STANTON

NIGHTMARE

Yes, I ken John Peel had a nasty fright,
For the pie was heavy and the port wasn't light,
But he'll get his revenge on old Reynard all right
With his horse and his hounds in the morning!

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A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

as Alec had never dreamed of possessing. Moreover, she was, he knew, genuinely in love with him, and even if his own passion played its usual trick of evaporating after consummation, after all, an experienced man can fake these things for the sake of fifteen thousand a year.

This state of things had been going on for eight months, and the lady was as attached to Alec as ever. Now Alec Louden had been brought up badly. As a child his mother had fussed over him, at school he had had too much pocket-money, at college his lapses from virtue had been airily explained away at home, until, inevitably, he fell into a habit of mind which regarded any frustration of his desires as against the laws of nature. If he wanted Madeleine and her income, there was legal machinery at hand to make it possible for him to get them, and that Kitty's antediluvian ideas about this machinery should stand in his way appeared to Alec as a monstrous perversion of the right order of things. Not, of course, that he had mentioned the matter to Kitty.

He knew it would be useless. He even knew exactly what Kitty would say. Her line would be that if he wanted Madeleine, he must take her, but that no power on earth could free him from a marriage which, in Kitty's eyes, was made in heaven. So the weeks went on and Alec desired Madeleine the more, and her money more still. And gradually he began to hate Kitty. She knew, of course, that he went about with Madeleine—just another of Alec's unfortunate crazes. She continued to give him "rope," persuading herself that he would tire in the end, as usual, and come back to what she supposed was the usual form of married life—a kind of defensive alliance. But, with her religious views, anything was better than rupture. Her point of view was perhaps tiresome, but it was beyond argument. Thus Alec had come to the point where he toyed with the idea of the elimination of Kitty. In the contemplation of this solution he lost what remained of his soul. From toying with the idea he reached the point where he could turn over ways and means, calmly and methodically, as if working out a problem in mathematics. And when, at last, he had the solution which, tested every way, showed no possible loophole, he started on its consummation without a qualm of any sort. Rather, indeed, with a feeling of elation that he had bridged the gulf between himself and Madeleine.

The first move was the visit to Dr. Vining. That was on the eighth of June. From that point the campaign, if it can be called so, was shifted to his own house. Its objective was the servants. One cannot, of course, take servants into one's confidence as regards one's married life, but one can, in devious and silent ways, give an impression of quiet, dignified martyrdom, an impression that one is "putting up with a good deal." One can be found in the study, when the parlourmaid is bringing in the whisky-and-soda, sitting in one's chair, sans book or paper, staring straight in front of one. And, on her entrance, one can give a sudden start, and then apologise. "Sorry, Fraser—I must have been dreaming . . . I . . . er . . . I've had rather a trying time lately." And then, of course, one can go clean off one's food (taking rather bigger lunches at the club)—so that the savouries which cook has specially made for the master go down untouched. Little things, but creative of an atmosphere. From June the eighth until the end of September Louden spent his time creating atmosphere. Perhaps his greatest triumph was when he persuaded Kitty that he was repentant of his attitude towards her religious views, and allowed her, what she had always wanted, to have prayers with the servants before breakfast. He himself even attended this function and, discreetly, hinted to the parlourmaid that they would be doing him a personal favour if they made no kick against the innovation. Downstairs this was soon translated, "The mistress, you know—it'll be that religious mania, they call it!" Subtle!

From that point onward he looked for the day and the hour. His plan of action was already complete. He wanted only the circumstances which would make it look as he wished it to look. The evening of November the second brought about a conjunction of events which produced the desired setting. There were the two simple facts that he himself was going out to dinner and that Kitty had gone to bed at six o'clock. She had complained of feeling faint, a not infrequent condition with her, which irritated Alec as a rule, but to-night not at all. For the stage was set. Now, Alec—simply inheriting the customs of his father—kept a loaded revolver locked up in a drawer in their bedroom. Everybody knew this. He warned the servants when they came never to touch it if by any chance the drawer should be found unlocked. He was dining out at the Cavalry Club at half-past eight. At half-past seven he went to his dressing-room to change. He placed his keys, his loose money, and his notecase on the dressing-table and then removed his coat and waistcoat. Then he rang the bell.

"Ah, Fraser," he said, as the parlourmaid appeared, "have you noticed a nail-file lying about anywhere? I'm pretty certain it was on my dressing-table this morning."

"Why, yes, sir," answered the girl. "I'm almost sure I re-

member seeing it there myself." She advanced to the dressing-table and looked it over. He joined her. "Funny thing," he said, and then added suddenly, "Why, Fraser, I've put my keys on it! What an idiotic thing to do!" The parlourmaid smirked.

"I'm glad you found it, sir," she answered, and left the room. Alec smiled to himself. She would remember that he had placed his keys on his dressing-table. He finished changing, and slipped the keys into his pocket. Then he stood for a moment or two, listening.

". . . he approached the bed. Deliberately, about twelve inches from her temple, he shot her through the head"

Kitty, next door, was fast asleep.

He let himself out by the front door and walked slowly away. Ten minutes later he was back, ringing the front-door bell.

To the parlourmaid he said, with every sign of impatience:

"Hanged if I haven't gone and left those keys behind! I shall be late now. Ring up a taxi, will you, Fraser?" After which he hurried up the stairs to his dressing-room.

Four minutes later Fraser went up to his room and knocked.

"The taxi is here, sir," she said.

He opened the door, appearing very much annoyed.

"I can't find that key-ring anywhere," he said. "Can't understand it! I remember putting it on the table——"

"I remember perfectly, too, sir," answered the maid.

"Well, it can't be helped. I suppose they'll turn up. Can't have gone far. Luckily I've another latch-key. I shall be late as it is." He ran downstairs and jumped into the taxi.

Fraser poked about the room.

"Well, if that's not a queer go!" she muttered to herself. "I wonder what he can have done with them? Really, men are awful!"

At half-past eleven Alec returned and let himself into the house. He deliberately closed the front door a little noisily. In her bed downstairs Fraser murmured to herself, "There's the master back." He opened Kitty's door gently, turning on the heavily shaded reading-light by the bed and stood quite still. She did not move. He tip-toed across to the tallboys, in the top drawer of which was the loaded automatic. He unlocked the drawer carefully and slowly, listening for any sound from the bed. None came. He left the drawer open, with the keys in it, and wrapped his handkerchief about his hand before taking out the pistol. Then he approached the bed. Deliberately, about twelve inches from her temple, he shot her through the head. His brain working like a racing machine, he quickly stepped back some paces away, took a swift glance at the angle, and put the second bullet through his right thigh. He just had time to lay the pistol by Kitty's hand, remembering that the recoil at death would throw it some some inches away, and press his handkerchief to his own wound, when the pain began to become intolerable. He crept away the required distance and sank to the ground. Far below him he heard a confused noise . . . the opening and closing of doors. They had heard the shots in the basement.

"Help!" he called, and again "Help!"

For some seconds he lay on the floor, biting his lip against the growing pain in his thigh. God!—what a thing a pistol was! Kitty . . . one moment asleep, now dead. She had hardly moved at all when he had shot her. Well, he had thought of everything. The atmosphere, the keys, the finger-prints . . . the angle of fire. There was nothing he had forgotten—nothing . . . nothing . . . He found himself growing faint, his brain becoming confused. Madeleine now . . . Why the hell didn't they come? . . . Supposing he bled to death? His thoughts drew together and became confused. . . . Whose face was this? Fraser's?—yes, and there was one of the other servants in the background. "Get Dr. Vining," he whispered, "in telephone book—"

The girl nodded. "Help me get him next door," she said to the other servant; and, supported on either side, he managed to totter to the bed in his dressing-room and lie down upon it.

Fraser's voice again.

"I'll do the telephoning. Get the master some brandy."

Alec remembered his part.

"Oh, my God!" he groaned. "Kitty—she's gone!"

Fraser had vanished. Louden lay on the bed, going over in his mind all the precautions he had taken. Yes, he had thought of everything. There could be no flaw anywhere. He took the proffered brandy and felt a little better. The pain was abominable, but Vining would give him something for that. Murder! What a fuss these chaps who wrote stories made about it, and how easy it really was if one was patient and built the thing up from the beginning.

He heard Harry Vining's step outside, heard him go into Kitty's room. Why did he go in there? Alec supposed he must see if she was really dead. Perhaps Fraser had said he was not seriously hurt. Well, the doctor wouldn't be long there. Yet he was. Longer than Alec expected, anyway. Four or five minutes. What on earth could he be doing? Louden supposed there were tests doctors had to make. Or—his heart ceased to beat . . . Could it possibly be that Kitty wasn't dead? No. Out of the question. Harry Vining was by his bedside now, watch in hand.

"Don't tell me your story yet," he said. "I'll just fix you first. Where's the trouble?" Was Alec wrong, or was there a strangely hard note in Vining's voice?

"I don't quite know," he whispered, "where Kitty hit me . . . but tell me, Harry, is she . . . is poor Kitty . . .?"

"Yes," answered the doctor shortly, and set to work upon his examination without another word. Alec set his teeth and made no sound. Surely most doctors were less clumsy than this! Curse it, it was as if Harry were hurting him as much as he could rather than as little. At last it was over, and Louden lay back on the bed with a gasp. Vining sank into a chair and crossed his legs.

"Now then," he said.

"It must have been an idée fixe, after all," began Louden, "what I told you, you know. She's been kind of nursing it all the time, I suppose, poor girl. . . . Lately I *have* noticed little things—religious morbidity. I even think the servants noticed things weren't quite normal. . . . Poor, poor Kitty!!" He broke down artistically and appeared to be fighting for his words.

The doctor said nothing, and at last he went on:

"I came in from dinner—about—oh, half an hour ago. I went in to say good-night. I turned up the light, and that instant poor Kitty—she—she got me and I fell. Before I could even cry out she'd—shot herself. Oh, God! Harry, I can't bear to think of it!" He covered his eyes with his hands as if to shut out the picture.

Between his fingers he was astounded to see the ghost of a grim smile on the doctor's lips. What on earth had the fellow got to smile at.

"How do you imagine she got the pistol?" Vining asked.

"She must have heard me telling Fraser I had mislaid my keys. Then she came in here. She must have got them somehow."

Vining nodded.

"Yes, I noticed they were still in the lock of the open drawer," he said. He rose and looked down on Louden.

"That, too!" he murmured, and walked slowly across to the dressing-table, where he stood drumming with his fingers on the mahogany top.

What on earth did the man mean by "that, too"? Those keys? He'd used his handkerchief handling them. That was all right. Vining was speaking again.

"You'll be about again in a fortnight," he said, in a tone which sounded as if he was thinking of something else; and then he added, with an intonation which admitted of only one interpretation, "I dare say you'll be going abroad pretty soon?"

Louden's heart thumped noisily against his ribs, but he forced himself to speak naturally.

"I don't know. I dare say. I don't feel I can face London for a bit after this. Poor Kitty——" And it was then that Vining turned and that Louden, seeing the expression on his face, broke off his sentence like a snapped wire.

Vining came to the bottom of the bed and their eyes met.

"Louden," he said slowly, "you will, I can assure you, never face London, your friends, or your clubs again after this. I will see to that myself."

"What the hell do you mean?" asked the other; but his voice was the voice of a terrified child. What mistake had he made, what was the flaw?

"You've murder on your soul, Louden," said the doctor.

"No—no," whispered the man on the bed

"You shot your wife."

"No. I've told you——"

"You shot your wife."

"Damn you, I've told you . . ."

"I know that you shot your wife, because nobody else could have done it."

"I've told you she herself . . ."

"She least of all," said the doctor, and a great silence fell between them.

Louden swallowed noisily. What had gone wrong? God, why didn't Vining stop staring at him? He felt himself losing control. In a moment he'd scream, give himself away.

"I never murdered her," he said, trying to force a reasonable note into his voice. "I never murdered her!"

"That is the first true thing you have said to-night," answered the other. "You never murdered her, but you have murder on your soul. Now do you understand?"

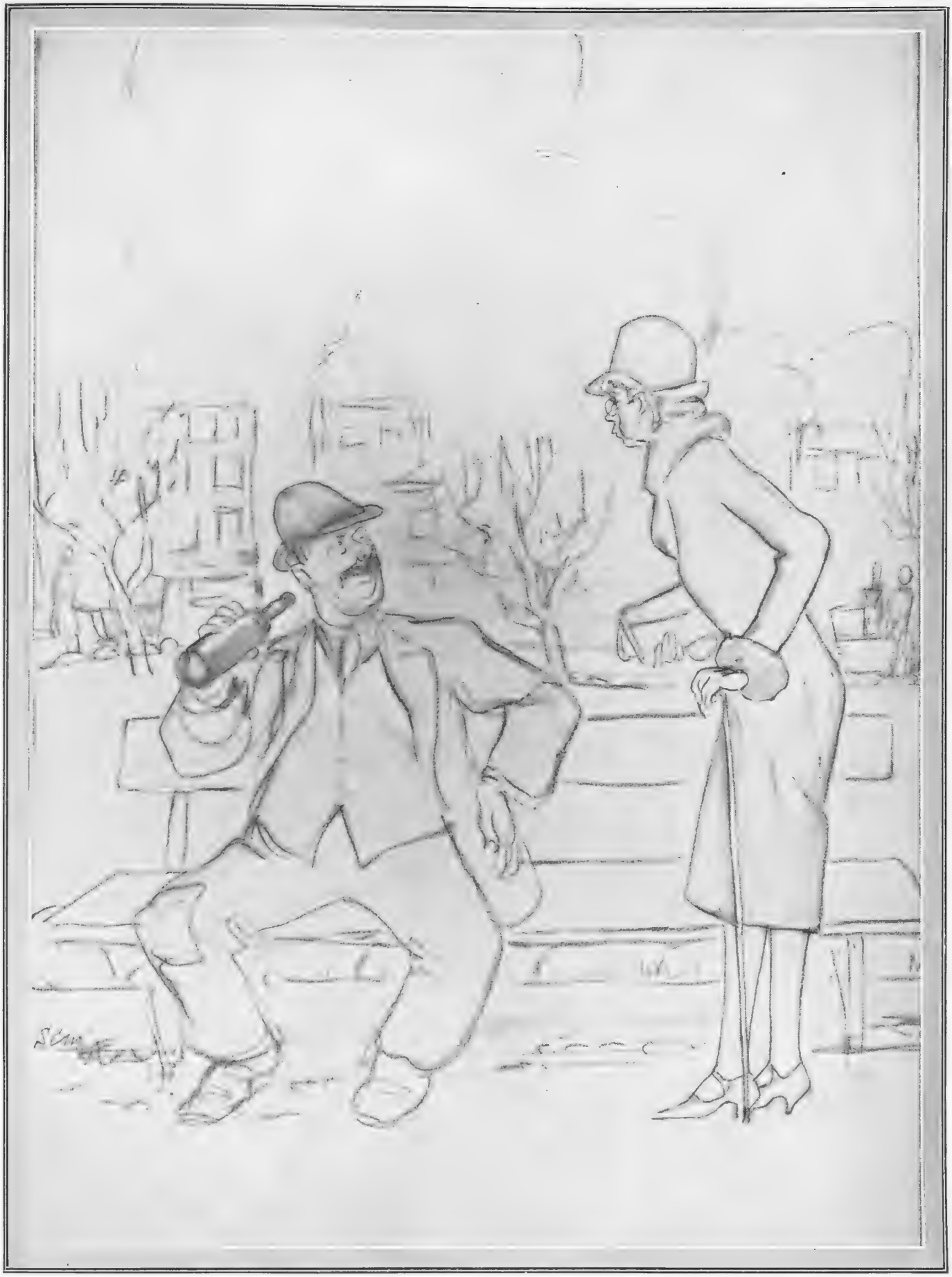
Louden answered nothing. He didn't understand. He only understood that something had gone fatally wrong.

"Your wife," said Vining, "died of heart failure at least two hours before you returned from dinner. That was the meaning of those fainting fits. You shot a dead woman!"

Louden heard the last words, and then the room went dark for him.

The doctor closed his bag and went downstairs.

"I don't believe," he thought, "that the law can touch him, but if Louden possesses a soul—poor devil!" J. H. T.



BY S. C. MARTIN

"Is that the only solace you have in this cruel world, my good man?"
"Blimey, no, mum. I got ernuvver bottle in me pocket!"

MADELEINE CARROLL

Who is appearing in "The Roof," the new play by John Galsworthy which is at the Golders Green Hippodrome this week, prior to coming to the West End. Miss Carroll has been doing a lot of film work lately and is one of the cleverest of our British film stars

FILM NOTES

HOLLYWOOD PLAYS & AL JOLSON CRIES

By Lady Eleanor Smith

"The Hollywood Revue"

I MANAGED to enter the Empire Theatre on the stroke of midnight only after I had been buffeted several times in the stomach by three enormous policemen, who were, poor devils, desperately endeavouring to cope with several hundred persistent gate-crashers surging on the pavement outside. As the management of the theatre had seen fit to open only one door it will be readily perceived that THE BYSTANDER film critic, in common with a number of colleagues, only escaped being trampled to death beneath a thousand feet by what I can best describe as a stroke of singularly happy fortune.

WHEN you have endured, at an hour so late, hardships so perilous (the London constabulary is renowned for its fighting prowess) the entertainment which you have struggled to witness must, I think, be possessed of some unusual merit if it is to restore to you your benevolence. Perhaps this is why the Hollywood Revue left me cold.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER have taken advantage of the talkies to unleash upon one set their most glamorous and glittering stars, there to present them, singing, dancing, play-acting, and posturing, in a super-revue of the Cochran type. Unfortunately the show lacks a Cochran, although it can boast of a more than usually agile chorus, a thousand magnificent dresses, and a really amusing compère in the person of a gentleman named Mr. Jack Benny, whom I hope to see again.

LET it be quickly established that, apart from Mr. Benny, the only three who stand out in this gigantic, bewildering, and lavish spectacle are Miss Bessie Love, Miss Marie Dressler, and Mr. Cliff Edwards, otherwise known as Ukelele Ike. The rest are nowhere, although Miss Marion Davies contributes a spirited number and Mr. Conrad Nagel makes a brief, pleasant appearance.

MISS DRESSLER is excellent in a low-comedy song of rich vulgarity and humour, Miss Love dances delightfully, and Mr. Edwards scores frequently, especially in a number entitled "Singing in the Rain," which is the only good tune in the production.

AND now what of the great ones who fell by the way? There was Mr. Charles King, who informed us, dwelling lusciously upon every syllable, that his old mother had never been wrong, praiseworthy sentiment, no doubt, but scarcely enthralling information. I was unable to become enthusiastic about Mr. King's old mother in spite of her fine record. Then there was Miss Joan Crawford, who leaped impulsively upon a piano, rolled her eyes archly, and sang a mediocre ditty rather badly. She was followed by Miss Anita Page, who tripped on to the stage, goggled at Mr. Nagel, and then tripped off again. Mr. Lon Chaney assumed

A Gold Coast scene with plenty of local colour in "White Cargo." Henri de Vries is the skipper, and the doctor (Sebastian Smith) is seen reading the newspaper

Gypsy Rhouma, the well-known cabaret dancer, as Tondeleyo, and Maurice Evans as Alan Langford in "White Cargo," now showing at the Regal

The arrest of Claus (Wilfred Shine) in the woods of Stilemonde. A scene in "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde," produced by Capt. George Banfield for British Filmcraft Productions Ltd.

Sir John Martin Harvey in a dramatic moment from "The Burgomaster of Stilemonde." This British film will be released on November 11

for exactly three seconds his most repellent make-up. Messrs. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy produced a sham conjuring act which I have seen better done by both Sacha Guitry and Jack Hulbert. Buster Keaton fell down a flight of stairs. And then Mr. John Gilbert and Miss Norma Shearer gave us (in colour) the Balcony Scene from "Romeo and Juliet." Now, I am all in favour of Mr. Gilbert practising his elocution, but I do wish that he would do so at home and that he would not select for purpose of public experiment the loveliest lines in the English language. Miss Shearer, very permanently-waved above the head and artificial about the voice, obviously felt that something was wrong. It was.

As far as I can recollect, the only Metro-Goldwyn star who remained mysteriously aloof from the proceedings was Greta Garbo, who showed her good sense by remaining at home, for they would probably have given us a Swedish Lady Macbeth had she consented to join the revels. Or, for you never can tell, she might have been persuaded to turn cartwheels. In any case, as it is pleasant to preserve certain illusions, I am glad that Miss Garbo stayed away.

For the trouble with "The Hollywood Revue" is that players we have admired immensely in their own milieu are all too determined to prove their versatility before the whole world, and it is a melancholy fact that with very few exceptions they are not in the least versatile. That is where the revue fails as an experiment. It is, however, of extreme interest and will no doubt attract a very large number of people to the Empire Theatre. I hope that they will not be disappointed.

"Say It With Songs"

Al Jolson, assisted by Davey Lee, repeats in his new film the mixture almost exactly as before. In view of his enormous success there is, I suppose, no reason why he shouldn't, but I cannot help feeling that even his most ardent fans would have relished a little variety.

Al plays the part of a radio singer who accidentally kills a man and is sent to prison for manslaughter. He possesses a wife, whom he addresses as "Kiddy," and a child, the "Little Pal" of the theme-song, which I found to be even more offensive than "Sonny Boy." While in Sing-Sing Al seizes every opportunity of breaking into song when chatting with his fellow convicts, urging them to cheer up, because "even birdies in their cages sing." Oddly enough he isn't murdered, but is soon afterwards released on parole.

He quarrels with his wife and sets off to visit the child, who is away at school. Master Lee, of course, escapes from the seminary and is, of course, run over by a lorry, with the result that he is badly bruised and paralysed. The doctor, who is in love with Al's wife, informs her that only a severe shock can save the child. The shock comes all right—it is, with unconscious humour, a gramophone record of the song "Little Pal." From that moment the boy never looks back, and the sobbing parents are subsequently reconciled over his cot.

Mr. Jolson's warm and vibrant voice does much to atone for the absurdities of this ghastly story, and his personality is as pleasant and as charming as ever, but I am bound to say that I prefer his lively songs to his more sentimental and lachrymose ditties. Master Lee is terribly precocious and almost inaudible as the son, and Marian Nixon is pretty but rather monotonous as the wife.

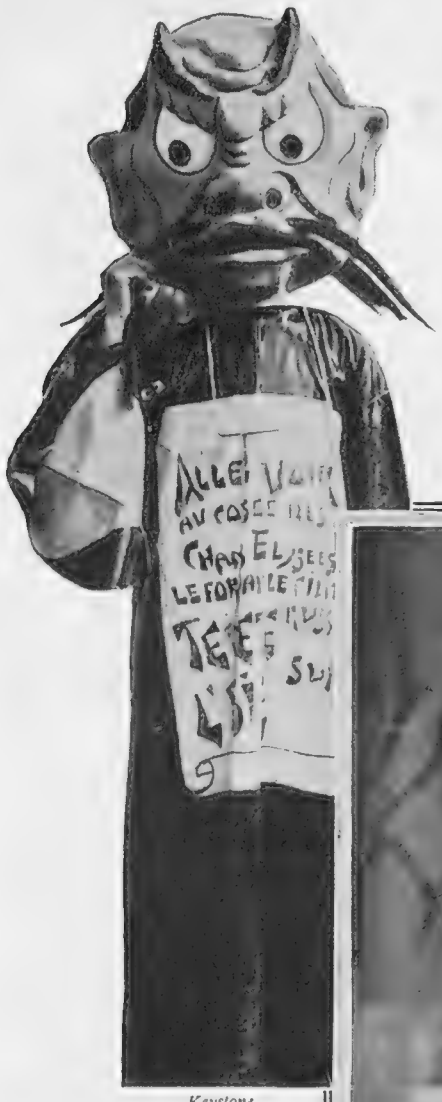
As I left the Piccadilly Theatre I could not help thinking of a film made long ago in which a great comedian and a little boy gave us a work of art unspoiled by false sentiment and sobstuff. This film was "The Kid." When will the talkies produce anything to touch it?

E. S.

PARIS GOSSIP

AN AUTHOR'S ERRORS

By Sylvia Lyon



Keystone

"Blessed are the uses of advertisement" is the motto of the Parisian cinema proprietor who sent out sandwichmen dressed like the above to give publicity to his theatre

MONTE CARLO'S PRINCESS

Princess Charlotte, the hereditary Princess of Monaco, by her recent visit to the Principality has largely removed the difficulties between the Prince and the people. She is very popular, and is seen here at Monte Carlo beach with Comtesse Bartolini and General Polovtsoff

WORK was started upon the Théâtre Pigalle in nineteen-twenty-five. During the four years of its construction many family gatherings were held chez les Rothschilds to decide upon the name to be given the playhouse. And they finally thought of nothing more original than "Théâtre Pigalle," which, considering the modernity of design and administration, is entirely out of place.

For Pigalle was an eighteenth century sculptor, and not such an important one at that. The only exciting statue he ever created was his nude figure of Voltaire in the Bibliothèque Mazarin of the Institut de France. And I think that they all had such fun playing with the four movable stages, the cyclorama, the really remarkable lighting system, the trick seats which back up and hit you on the knees, the art gallery, the bookshop, and the tiny bar in the salon of the Baron Henri de Rothschild's loge, that Sacha Guitry forgot that he had been commissioned to write a play. . . .

"HISTOIRES DE FRANCE," is a series of episodes in French history. I will not go into details about some of the historical errors, for I may find myself in difficulties, but Guitry made one mistake worthy of the movies. In the scene where Winterhalter's painting of the Empress Eugénie and her ladies-in-waiting is reproduced, one of the ladies is costumed in black. The painting is in the Louvre, and unless I saw wrong nobody is wearing black. (It was rather silly, I think, to wear evening gowns to sit on the grass. I am sure they all caught frightful colds, and it served them right.)

Anyhow, the Empress Eugénie could not bear the sight of black, and if she was to receive in audience anyone who happened to be in mourning a great deal of apologetic agony had to be gone through. Another thing; in this tableau, Yvonne Printemps, as the Comtesse de Montebello, is simply plastered in jewels, which, considering her Empress wore scarcely any at all, would have been a great breach of etiquette.

I CANNOT imagine what has happened to Maurice Donnay. One would never suspect that the essentially Parisian poetic dramatist who has written things so gay and so triste, so satirical, and so tender, such as *Lovers, The Other Danger, The Return from Jerusalem,* could have bothered to write *L'Ascension de Virginie,* now at the Michodière. It was written in collaboration with Lucien Descave, who was his partner in the breeding of *Birds of Passage.*

Virginie, a young married woman, comes to claim damages due to her husband for his injuries inflicted by the automobile of the mother in the play. She has already been awarded a sum of money, but she wants a permanent and safe job for her husband. Papa, divorced only to-day by Mamma (played by Jeanne Cheirel), falls for Virginie, and so does his son-in-law.

In the second act Virginie has managed to acquire, through purely platonic efforts, a little house in the country near Papa's estate.

IN the third act the son-in-law, not so platonically, has endowed Virginie with a prosperous public garage, which she manages herself. (Whenever I see a typical Parisienne acting business-like I could squawk with annoyance.) And that is the play. But the authors seized upon one weakness of Parisian audiences; whenever in a French play the heroine first appears gauche, innocent and badly dressed, you know that by the last act she will turn out to be a wow.

THE NEW BAL NÈGRE OF PARIS

A photograph typifying the gay night life in Biarritz where no Dora comes to mar the gaiety of the pleasure seekers. The crowd is seen enjoying an alfresco drink in the warm evening air outside the famous Bar Basque

This suspense in waiting for her sartorial, spiritual and immoral development serves as an anæsthetic for the painful lack of wit and originality.

THE Bibliothèque Nationale is shortly to house an exhibition pertaining to the Romantic era with rare volumes, manuscripts, and pictures on view. In preparing the exhibition the director brought to light the will of Victor Hugo, who wrote with a strange prophecy, "*Je légue ce testament à la Bibliothèque Nationale, qui sera, un jour, la Bibliothèque des Etats—nis d'Europe.*"

OF course Jean-Jacques Rousseau will be a feature of the exhibition. But I wonder what Rousseau would have thought of a sight I saw last Sunday. Ermenonville is a forest, park, chateau and village bequeathed by Prince Lèon Radziwill to his nephews, Armand and Sosthènes de la Rochefoucauld.

In the restaurant, or rather "Hostellerie Jean-Jacques," Armand de la Rochefoucauld was giving a large luncheon party for Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. I wondered which would have made Rousseau turn over in his grave, which is a few hundred yards away, the sight of the curé being brought in to meet Mary and Douglas or the subsequent polo game played on tiny donkeys, with croquet mallets.

Mrs. Hilda Murray, the wife and partner of David Murray, in a Worth model coat of brown suède trimmed with beaver. She and her husband are dancing at Le Perroquet, in Paris

THERE is a new Bal Nègre in Paris. The white population so invaded the old bal in the Rue Blomet that the Algerian clique has revolted, and set up on its own on the Quai de Bercy. One must have a mysterious purple card to enter. The dancing in the Rue Blomet was wild enough, but the dancing at the Bal Algerien is worse. They do a dance called the "biguine," which is merely two little steps to the left, then two to the right. But in dancing those little steps these French colonials indulge in more exercise than any white people spending a week-end in golf, croquet, archery, swimming, and—er, dancing.

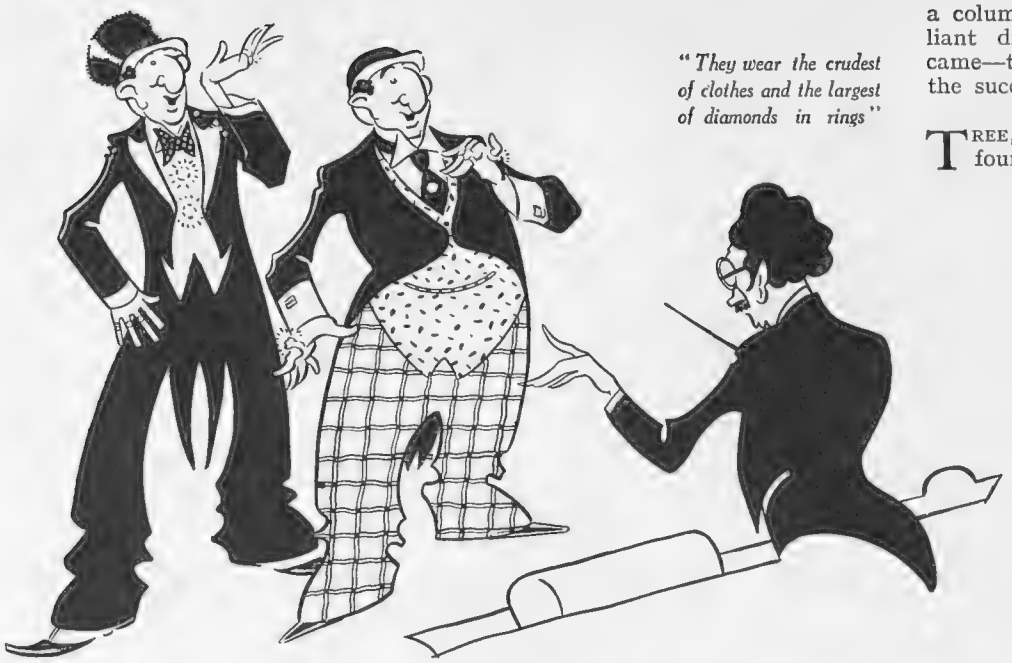
THEY say that all the clocks in Paris are different because the Frenchman doesn't care; anatomical clocks tell him when he is hungry, and that is all that counts. I suppose that is why Hermé's new watch is placed in the middle of a leather belt. And there is a new watch for people who want to save time in order to learn what time it is: in place of the watch, whose face is revealed by the pulling apart of the two leather-covered or enamel ends, the latest thing is the one designed by Fauvety. You need only one hand to push, with your thumb, the cover, and the watch springs upright.

IN the last post I have just received a book called "Sereine Blandice par une Anglaise de Qualité." Within was inscribed, "Avec les amitiés du Préfacier," with an illegible initial that vaguely resembled an "A." Very much alarmed, imagining that I was receiving a gift from "Mr. A.," I finally deduced that "A" stands for Antoine, and "Sereine Blandice" is French for "Serena Blandish," whose preface to the French edition is written by Antoine Bibesco. If any of my readers are still unaware of the identity of Serena's author just drop me a line and I may tell you who she is, as she would not like to be revealed in print. S. L.

BY PUYS

JAZZ NOTES

"Ever so goosey, goosey!"



"They wear the crudest of clothes and the largest of diamonds in rings"

JEWS ON THE STAGE

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Illustrated by Norman Kay

JEW SÜSS has not escaped the criticism which attends the production of every play dealing with a Jew, or with a Jewish subject.

Whenever Jewish characters appear on the stage there is a sort of buzz. Anti-Semites get annoyed, and Jews themselves get intensely interested, and often there is a clash of opinion that sometimes makes a very ordinary piece of work, or harms a fine specimen of drama.

Not all managers are wise enough to recognise that without Jewish support few plays stand any chance of success, either in London or New York. It is not only because of their numbers that Jews can make a play. It is chiefly because they are by far the most earnest playgoers of all, just as they are the most loyal supporters of music in all its forms.

Loyalties, to my mind, was made by the fact that the principal character was a Jew. It was a very ordinary play, although it was splendidly staged and perfectly acted. Yet, because it was a Jew who, having lost his money in a country house, insisted upon getting it back, there was the usual first-night buzz and then talk that went all around the Town.

"I am not interested in the Jewish problem," said Galsworthy to me, some weeks later. "I happened to make the character a Jew, and that was the end of it."

The truth is that he might have been a new-rich Yorkshireman or a parvenu from Lancashire with equal effect. The Jewish origin of the man had nothing to do with it. Yet, if he had been a Yorkshireman or a Scotsman, I doubt if more than a few people would have taken much notice of it.

JEWS themselves often get annoyed at certain things they see upon the stage affecting their race. In some ways they are over-tolerant.

I am always surprised they do not, with a greater unanimity, protest against the vulgar Jewish humour which, upon the music-hall stage, gives the public an idea that all Jews are ugly people who talk with the crudest of accents.

Some of these Jewish comedians are vulgar beyond belief. They tell stories about meanness and avarice, they talk about bad table manners, and they wear the crudest of clothes and the largest of diamonds in rings, and generally look disgusting. If I were a Jew I would have them all booed off the stage.

Yet when common Jewish types are humanised everyone admires them.

Potash and Perlmutter, which made a fortune in New York, and then, backed by Dicky Jowett, who had seen another play and thought Edward Laurillard meant that one, came to London and proved so funny that my criticism consisted merely of a column of quotations from the brilliant dialogue. Other Potash plays came—three altogether, I believe—but the success was not repeated.

TREE, because of his Jewish origin, found great delight in playing the Jewish financier in *Business is Business,* but that play was too much like other strong-men dramas which had preceded it. For a similar reason, too, *The Music Master* failed here. It was merely *The Broken Melody.* David Warfield acted it in America for twenty years or so, but when it came here Harry Green failed in the part and it ran for about ten nights.

Abie's Irish Rose, the record breaker, excited in America all sorts of feelings. Jews, more or less, ignored it, on the other side. In some towns it evoked the hostility of the Ku Klux Klan. In other towns Catholic priests objected to the idea that, fundamentally, Christianity and Judaism were the same, and, in some places, the cooking of a ham caused a protest from Jewry. Yet it ran on and on, full of humour and tinged with kindliness.

IN England, after a conference, they cut out the famous ham sandwich. That, originally, annoyed English Jews, or, rather, some of them. Yet on the first night all the Jews who were in the stalls sat watching Abie, almost with disgust, certainly without enthusiasm.

In America, you see, the Jew is regarded differently. He achieves great wealth, but he has no social recognition. The character of Soloman Levi, therefore, would, because of its great humanity, be regarded as a fine type.

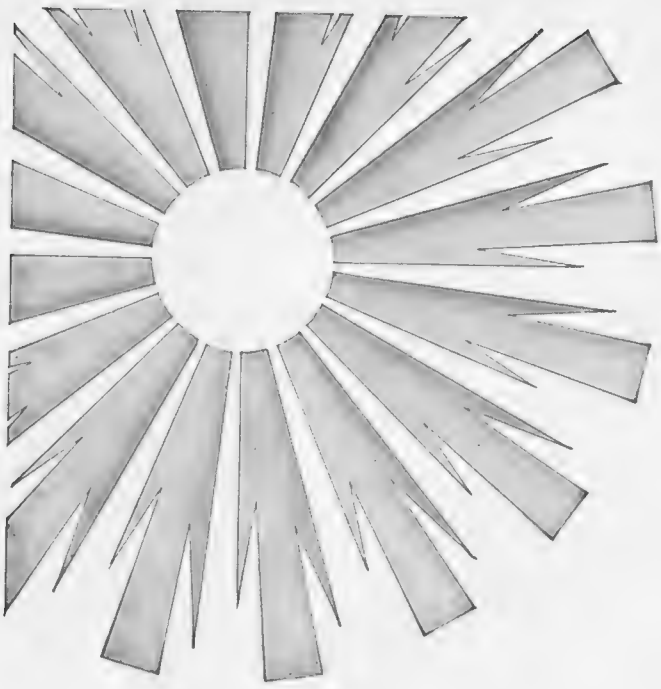
Over here, where a Jew has become Lord Chief Justice of England and then Viceroy of India, and, indeed, can hold any office under the Crown except that of Lord Chancellor, an office also barred to Catholics, because the Lord Chancellor is the Keeper of the King's Conscience, Jews in a good position would not regard *Abie's Irish Rose* in the same way that similar Jews would in the United States.

RECENTLY, of course, the Al Jolson boom has done, for Jewry, propaganda work that could not have been bought for hundreds of millions of pounds. Whenever Al Jolson, always as a Jew stricken with suffering or loss, begins to sing some Mammy song, daddified especially, everybody cries, and the tears roll down the steps.

To my mind the idea of a Jewish vaudeville turn giving up his part one night to sing in a synagogue is not one which would excite me to any sense of tearful sympathy. Still, all around me, Jews cried and Christians cried and Scotsmen cried. Even the descendants of Drake and Cromwell cried.

Somewhat similar scenes occurred

(*Continued on page 262*)



On the great old House of Haig

the sun is shining more brightly than at any time in its 301 years' existence. Old Whisky sold by the old House explains its consistently growing popularity all the world over. *Always say "Haig" and you will be happy even if the sun is not shining.*

JEWS ON THE STAGE (continued from page 260)

whenever Sophie Tucker sang "Yiddisher Mammy," either in English or in Yiddish. Sometimes she sang it in English first and Yiddish afterwards, and they cried more the second time, when they could not understand it, than the first time, when they could.

WELL, after all the tumult and the shouting had died over *Jew Süss*, I eventured to print some of the opinions of a Jewish friend who, being told that *Jew Süss* was the last word in accuracy, so far as his race was concerned, pointed out that the mezzuzah, or miniature Scroll of the Law, was on the wrong side of a rabbi's door, and that Jew Süss himself, when finding his daughter dead, prayed in Hebrew on his knees by her side, instead of standing up, and without a hat. More than that, the rabbi himself, Cabbalist though he was, wore a diamond ring.

Well, the *Jewish Chronicle*, when I pointed out these things, said that I was super-critical, as usual, when approaching anything Jewish on the stage.

They do not know that I am considered anti-Semite and pro-Semite, both at the same time, which proves the fair way in which I try to approach the truth.

I OBJECT to the Jewish claques who applaud Jewish artists; it is against the interests of Jews themselves, who can now take their own place in the world without any organised co-operation. As it annoys the Christians around, Judaism suffers in the end.

Well, then the *Jewish Chronicle* itself went to see *Jew Süss*, and, in comparison with my criticism, its remarks were almost violent.

"Jew Süss, as Feuchtwanger has made him, is a type which is not yet by any means extinct," said their critic. "Jew Süss, as Mr. Ashley Dukes presents him, is nothing like any Jew that was, or is, or, humanly speaking, ever will be.

"No Jew would have left his daughter in charge of a man while he was far away from her, even in the charge of a rabbi, and it is inconceivable that a rabbi should accept the responsibility of taking the place that should naturally be filled by a mother."

Then I read this semi-official expert's comment that, when Naomi threw herself out of the window, any Jew, on discovering her, would instantly have sent for a doctor, instead of kneeling to say prayers. Besides, the prayers he might have said would not have been those in which pious Jews strike their breasts.

"Jews do not deposit their dead, even temporarily, on a table with the legs of the dead one hanging over the edge of the furniture. They lay them reverently on the uncarpeted ground and cover them. No rabbi would have attended a dead female."

IT just gives you an idea of the troubles you face when you stage something to do with somebody else's religion. You tread upon susceptibilities that you did not know existed.

Take *The Dybbuk*, for instance. It was a beautiful play, based on Cabbalistic law, most interesting to a Christian who did not know such things existed, and most educative, also, to a modern Jew, far from the lands where such practices still survive. Yet, even in a splendidly staged scene, where students of the Talmud were debating, two women were seen, one of them actually opening the ark in which the Holy Scrolls were kept, whereas no woman would be allowed in such a place at any time. There were other inaccuracies in the production that made it ludicrous.

Stage Jews, of course, have changed a long way since the time when, in Shakespeare's day, Shylock was played in a red wig and was acted a comic Jew. Irving was the first actor who turned Shylock into a noble character, and he was accused of currying favour with Jewry.

Jews themselves have progressed a long way, even since those days. Still, it will be a long time before a Jewish play can be staged without exciting criticism of some kind.

EVEN during *Loyalties*, if you remember, there were arguments as to whether the Jew was right or not. If he had been a Yorkshireman, everybody would have said "Of course he was." Because he was a Jew, he got the blame.

When Ernest Milton, who is only half a Jew, played the part, he invested it with some degree of dignity. When Leon M. Lion, who is wholly Jewish, followed him, even the vulgarity of his dressing gown, yes, and the glaring colours of his pyjamas annoyed Jews—yes, and made Christians laugh.

I am glad he did not wear a red wig.

H. S.

"A Jew has become Lord Chief Justice of England"

"Everybody cries, and the tears roll down the steps"

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* * *

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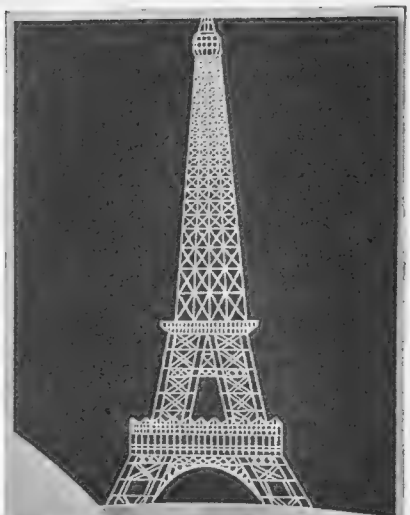

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

SOME WOMEN'S NOVELS By Ralph Straus

YEARS ago over the luncheon table H. G. Wells defended himself to me against the attacks that had been made upon him on the ground of "putting real people into novels." It was at the time of *The New Machiavelli*, and such harsh things had been said that we prepared a little statement together which embodied his views. He told me, in effect, that he was accustomed to follow the tea-merchant's example. "I *blend*," said he, and to me that seems to be an entirely legitimate method. You take a little slice of A, a touch of B, perhaps a peculiar bit of C, and some physical characteristics of D, and produce E, who may be "recognised" by those in search of sensation, but who could easily be split up into its separate elements.

THAT, I presume, is what Sylvia Thompson has attempted to do in her new novel, *Chariot Wheels* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), but I am not at all sure that the slice of A is not too large, and the bits of B and C too trivial to matter. Perhaps, of course, I am altogether wrong. Mr. Leslie Midge, the well-known novelist, with the habit of using his own emotional crisis in his books, may be a wholly imaginary portrait. It might even be argued—as a matter of fact it *is* argued in his novel—that every writer is more or less bound to make use of his or her own experiences. The fact remains, however, that Miss Thompson's portrait seems to me to be too near to reality. The blending has not been quite skilful enough.

ON the other hand the novel itself is exceedingly interesting. I do not like Miss Thompson's innumerable brackets, nor the scores of sentences which are never completed. I disapprove of her punctuation, of her abruptness—the curtain is down and up again almost before you realise that a change of scene has been effected—and of some of the dialogue, which seems to be too grammatically prepared. For all that, a clear story emerges, and once you are accustomed to the little bundle of tricks the book is easy to read.

PERHAPS, too, it is not the portrait of the novelist that matters so much as the wife's. Cressida Midge is in a difficult position. She is the "ordinary" woman married to an "artist," whose views upon marriage are not, to say the least of it, Victorian. Her husband requires (and obtains) a succession of women, and she is expected to behave as though nothing unusual were happening. She does her best, and when she does he is most dreadfully distressed. I expected the story to end here, but it does not. Miss Thompson has something up her sleeve for the final pages, and that something is certainly dramatic.

WELL, there it is, a peculiarly clever and attractive novel, in spite of what to me are rather serious faults. I could have wished that Mr. Midge had painted portraits or defended murderers or composed oratorios rather than write novels round about himself and his ladies, but that, I admit, may be because I resemble the metaphysician who, as you know, spends his time in an unlighted room looking for a black hat which isn't there.

I DID not read Miss Theodora Benson's first novel, although I see that "my" opinion of it is quoted on the flyleaf of its successor, *Glass Houses* (Grant Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.*). (This, by the way, sounds as though I had unthinkably dared to review a book without reading it: in reality it is a pardonable mistake on the publisher's part.) And after reading the new book I am sorry that I missed the earlier one, for *Glass Houses* is singularly delightful.

IT is one of those stories, very simple on the surface, which you are inclined at first to think is almost impossibly ingenious. Very nice and all that, but—— And then, somehow, you find yourself not only interested in a real human story, but admiring the subtle way in which it has been written. *Glass Houses* is not naïve at all. It is full of good sense and close observation and real feeling. And it dares to take for its heroine a prig!

Warschawski

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH

The famous Sussex novelist, who has joined the ranks of literary people who have ceded to the Church of Rome

Vandyk

THE HON. THEODORA BENSON

Whose new novel, "Glass Houses" (Grant Richards: 7s. 6d.), is reviewed in this article

A REAL live feminine prig! So they still survive? Obviously. Anita Franklin is genuine post-war. More, she is a quite delicious young person. There is no pose about her. She honestly does not like jazz or a standardised world, or a sound of "smart" if rather meaningless gaiety. She prefers what our grandmothers called "good works." And as a career

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued)

marriage appeals to her not at all. Platonic friends of the male gender—yes: but anything more, decidedly not.

ᔕ

And then this adorably stupid young person actually gets into a mess! A married man is implicated. He allows himself to be divorced on her account. She is terribly sorry, of course, but—she is not the marrying sort. No? But suppose the nice young bachelor who has been waiting so long——. Like Sylvia Thompson, I leave the sentence unfinished.

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This is a quiet backwater of a book which I can unhesitatingly recommend. There cannot be many cases when father, mother and daughter have all written novels. Lord Charnwood, it is true, is better known as the biographer of Lincoln, but he has also attempted fiction. Lady Charnwood recently published her third and fourth novel. Their younger daughter, in upholding the family traditions, may quite possibly take it on to new heights.

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And while on the subject of women's novels I would like to draw your attention to another most attractive, though very different, story which few people would imagine could be anybody's first attempt at fiction. This is *The Heaven and Earth of Doña Elena* (Cobden Sanderson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Grace Zaring Stone. It is not easy to describe this singular novel—superficially it is a swashbuckling affair in the time of Drake, when the Mother Superior of a Spanish convent is called on to protect her own honour. In reality it is very much more. There is irony in Miss Stone's vivid picture, and a touch of fantastic satire. It will not be everybody's book, but it will have its admirers.

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There is also *False Spring* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), Beatrice Seymour's new novel, and here again you will find first-rate entertainment. The central theme is not new—what theme is nowadays?—but the story itself is delightfully human. Ought a woman to tell? That old question! But is it quite out of date? Will it ever be wholly out of date? (Unless, of course, it changes to "Ought a man to tell?") Moreover, is everybody agreed as to what the correct reply should be?

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At seventeen Virginia ran away with a married man, and he was killed. But when she falls in love with another man ought she to tell him? And when, at a later date, she marries a third man, ought he to be told as well? The most sensible folk in this book are in no doubt at all: Virginia ought to keep silent, and she does try to keep silence, but somehow—well, I am not going to spoil your pleasure by outlining the plot. Mrs. Seymour knows exactly how a story should be told, and she takes the greatest care with her portraits. This is good work, perhaps the best she has done. R. S.

Books and Their Authors

Since Miss Mollie Panter-Downes wrote her first book, *The Shoreless Sea*, at the age of sixteen, she has grown up, has married, and now she has produced her third novel, *Storm Bird*, which Murrays will publish shortly.

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Rich Brat, by Forrest Wilson, the publishers tell us, describes how Rodney Cobb learnt many secrets of the Paris dress trade, and saw the creation of models destined to become world famous, but being worsted in a trial of wits sought refuge in the Paris underworld. Published by Cassells.

ᔕ

An interesting addition to literature, *Forty Years with Dogs*, by Lt.-Col. E. H. Richardson, has just been published by Hutchinson. In it he gives an account of his long and intimate study of dogs, the reasons that led him to take up his particular work, how it brought him into contact with many interesting people, and into many lands. He describes his particular leaning towards the training of dogs for useful purposes, and how this led to his interest in War and Police Dog training.

ᔕ

Admirers of Stephen Leacock will regard a new book from his as a joyous event. We hear that his new book will be published on November 8 by Lane under the title of *The Iron Man and the Tin Woman* and other Futurities, and in it Leacock pokes irresistible fun at modern fads and fancies, imagining the fantastic world of the future, and satirising prigs and pedants with uproarious, high spirits; so *The Iron Man and the Tin Woman* should amuse everyone, highbrow, lowbrow, or middlebrow.

G.P.U.

Mr. J. H. Thomas (left), Lord Camrose and Lord Darling at the Annual Dinner of the Newsvendors' Benevolent Association at the Savoy. A feature of the evening, at which Lord Camrose presided, was the singing of the Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir conducted by Mme. Novello Davies

BY STANELLI

MOTOR SALESMAN: *"We claim for this little Sports model of ours that there isn't another car on the road that picks up so wonderfully"*

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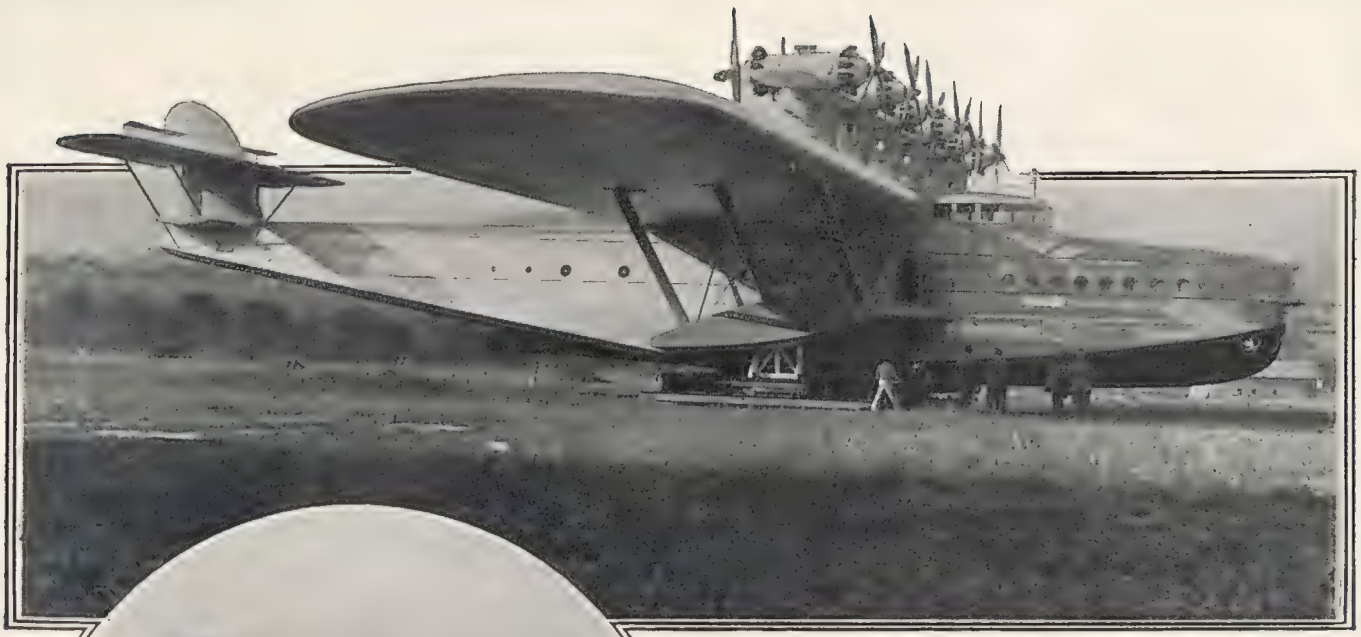

Pacific and Atlantic

The gigantic Dornier Dox seaplane which recently made its maiden flight over Lake Constance. Equipped with six propellers, it can carry 160 passengers and crew in perfect safety

Planet News

The Marchesa Malacride, one of the latest recruits to flying, in the the cockpit of a 'plane at Hanworth Aerodrome. She is receiving instruction from Capt. the Hon. J. B. Rodney

NEW PAGES IN FLYING HISTORY

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Doctor DO.X

IT is nearly two years since Dr. Dornier lectured in London and gave the technical minds something solid to debate concerning his giant flying boat, the present DO.X. Most of the informed critics were sceptical about its success at a time when the machine was merely on paper. To-day it has made history, flying for over an hour round its birthplace, Lake Constance, with a crew of 10 and 159 passengers. This is the largest number of people ever carried in a flying machine of any kind, and we can derive some satisfaction from the knowledge that the 12 engines in this flying ship are Bristol Jupiters. There is an enclosed cockpit for two pilots, a navigating cabin, a control room for the chief engineer, and quarters for the crew on the upper deck, a small cockpit inside the wing between each pair of engines in tandem where a mechanic can carry out adjustments in flight, and the main saloons for passengers are situated amidships, with room for baggage, stores and fuel below. Doctor DO.X. has found a cure for the pessimists, and should be an inspiration to the British Government to build our own 50-ton boats.

Imperial Air Mails

I WONDER how long it takes to count 40,000 letters? But, anyway, that was approximately the number which left Croydon last week by the Indian air mail. The absurdity of the blue "Air Mail" label will continue until the Postmaster-General himself has a brain-wave some week-end for the design of a special stamp. The philatelists are evidently a society not in favour with the Government, for if ever there was a more depressing section in any stamp album than that reserved for Great Britain I have yet to find it. All other civilised countries, and many that are not, have adopted special stamps for air-borne mail, with a consequent increase in revenue due to the advertising value of the stamp. The African route will be opened in the late summer next year, and that through India to Calcutta at about the same time. Extensions by flying boat from Karachi to Ceylon and from Calcutta to Rangoon, Singapore and Australia will follow as a logical sequence. In spite of successful trans-Atlantic flights, regular communication by air between England and Canada presents problems which cannot be solved at present. Queer as it may sound, South Africa may be nearer to us than Canada before the North Atlantic air route becomes practicable.

London Clubs Lead the World

"NATIONAL Flying Services" is getting into its stride, and during the winter several new country clubs will be started. Its slogan should be "No flying safer" than with N.F.S. The London Aeroplane Club, the first of its kind in the world and the one upon which all others have been modelled, now possesses more than 500 members, and National Flying Services has rallied more than 500 new members to its standard at Hanworth Park in a few months, which gives London the distinction of leading the world in yet another sphere of modern life. Pupils at Hanworth Park include the Marquess of Donegall, the Countess of Craven, Lord and Lady Apsley, Viscount Gough, the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, and the Rajah of Kalsia. Sixty members have already joined the new club at Hull, which will have its headquarters at Hedon Aerodrome, recently opened by H.R.H. Prince George. His example and that of his eldest brother, the Prince of Wales, in using the light aeroplane for travel has resulted already in an increased demand for that type of machine.

SHOOTING NOTES

PHEASANTS and FOXES

By "Clodhopper"

THE fall of leaf this autumn appears to me to be slower than usual. In any case, the woodlands and hedgerows are still too blind to render either foxhunting or covert-shooting an unqualified joy. A few frosty nights and a stiff breeze of wind, however, would very quickly thin the undercovert; and the heavy rain of last week improved greatly both scent and going. Very little covert-shooting has so far taken place owing to the before-mentioned drawbacks, but the report from every part of the country is, "Pheasants are more plentiful than for years past"; and what is—from a sportsman's point of view, at any rate—equally important, gapes and disease generally have paid their fell visit to very few rearing-fields, and the birds are remarkably forward and strong on the wing. To sum up the pheasant shooting prospects in a few words, we are in for a topping season.

AND what about foxes? A keen and, incidentally, facetious follower of the Belvoir assured me most solemnly a few days ago that during cubbing he had seen almost as many foxes afoot in some of the coverts as there were hounds to bustle 'em. This, of course, was just a wee bit of an exaggeration on the part of the gallant fox-catcher in question, but in view of the fact that in wellnigh every hunting country in the kingdom the cubs have been favoured by Dame Nature with ideal conditions of dry and sunny weather from birth to foxhood there is no doubt that most coverts hold rather more than their full complement of remarkably well-grown and strong foxes. In point of fact the Quorn have, practically throughout the cubbing season, accounted for at least six brace of masks a week, and there are plenty of enterprising foxes left in the Quorn coverts. This remark applies to all hunting countries in the Shires and provinces with the exception of some parts of the Essex territory, where, I learn, there is a shortage of foxes.

NON-FOXHUNTING covert owners will, no doubt, regard this plethora of vulpines with anything but satisfaction; indeed, I happen to know of a certain new owner of old acres and well-stocked preserves who has for some time past waged what he fondly, but erroneously, believes to be a secret and silent war against the foxes inhabiting his extensive coverts. But vulpicide, in a hunting country especially, will out, and the "sportsman" in question is, probably to his surprise, becoming most unpopular amongst his neighbours. Personally, I think that any man in a hunting country who destroys foxes deserves even more condign punishment than local ostracism. On the other hand, it must be confessed that the particular pack of hounds within whose territory the estate lies has failed to kill a single fox in the extensive coverts since early September.

UNFORTUNATELY, the Master, who will persist in carrying the horn himself, cannot hunt hounds for the proverbial "nuts." Consequently, every part of his territory is simply overrun with foxes, and vulpicide is largely on the increase among farmers and poultry breeders. It is a thousand pities that such a state of affairs should exist with what used to be a famous hunt. This is a case in which the services of a professional huntsman should be requisitioned, not only for the sake of sport, but also in the interests of farmers and covert owners, sans the courtesy of whom the Hunt would die a natural death.

Capt. Ralp Johnson (left), the shooting tenant of the grounds at Port of Menteith, Aberfoyle, where the English Springer Spaniel Club of Scotland held their Ninth Field Trials. He is seen with Mr. Doughty

A GAMEKEEPER of the "wrong" type told me a cock-and-bull story a few days ago of foxes being so numerous in the small coverts and plantations under his care "that they were playing holy murder among the pheasants." Now Sir Reynard does not venture abroad on his nightly prowls until such time as the pheasants have gone to roost, safe from the reach of the most expert tree-climbing fox that ever piloted a pack of hounds. In the ordinary course of things he returns to his earth before the birds have distributed themselves over their feeding grounds. In the event of his enemy, the earth-stopper, having "stopped out" his natal fastness, and "put to" any neighbouring havens of refuge in the shape of an earth or a drain, wherein he might have found sanctuary, he must perforce seek a temporary kennel in which to rest before being pushed up by hounds.

HE may, perchance, seek a comfortable, dry couch amidst a bed of bracken or under a sheltering bush, and should a stray pheasant or rabbit happen to pass within snatching distance who would blame him for chopping it? But that foxes do "holy murder among pheasants" in the coverts at this season of the year is absurd. I told my keeper friend to look to two-legged foxes for the murder of his pheasants.

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING HINT

THE BREAKING-BACK PHEASANT

A SHOT which often presents itself in covert shooting and is usually neglected is the breaking-back bird, soaring over the tree tops when the beaters are actually in sight or the rattle of their sticks warns you of their approach. Such a bird refuses to pass over the guns for the very good reason that for some time past it has been seeking a safe way out, spying from one spot and another amidst the herbage. These birds repeat their tactics time after time, also they set a very bad example. The shooting stands are, as a rule, placed just within range of the covert side, yet the bird as it clears the marginal tree tops is frequently judged out of range. It soon is if the watch for its appearance is not alert. No prettier or more pleasing shot to bring off exists. The forward allowance must be ample, the curve of flight nicely estimated, but in favour of success is the spread-eagle target. In ordinary circumstances, for instance, an equally long shot for the outside gun, the risk of a runner may be considerable, and that is why so many overlook the special conditions here existing. The beaters are plumb below or at most a few yards back: they see the bird fall, after assuming it has defeated their best efforts, hence there is a rush to gather it during the moment of quiescence that precedes "running like a greyhound." Should it get away—well, the keeper's dog has seen it and there is no available route of escape.

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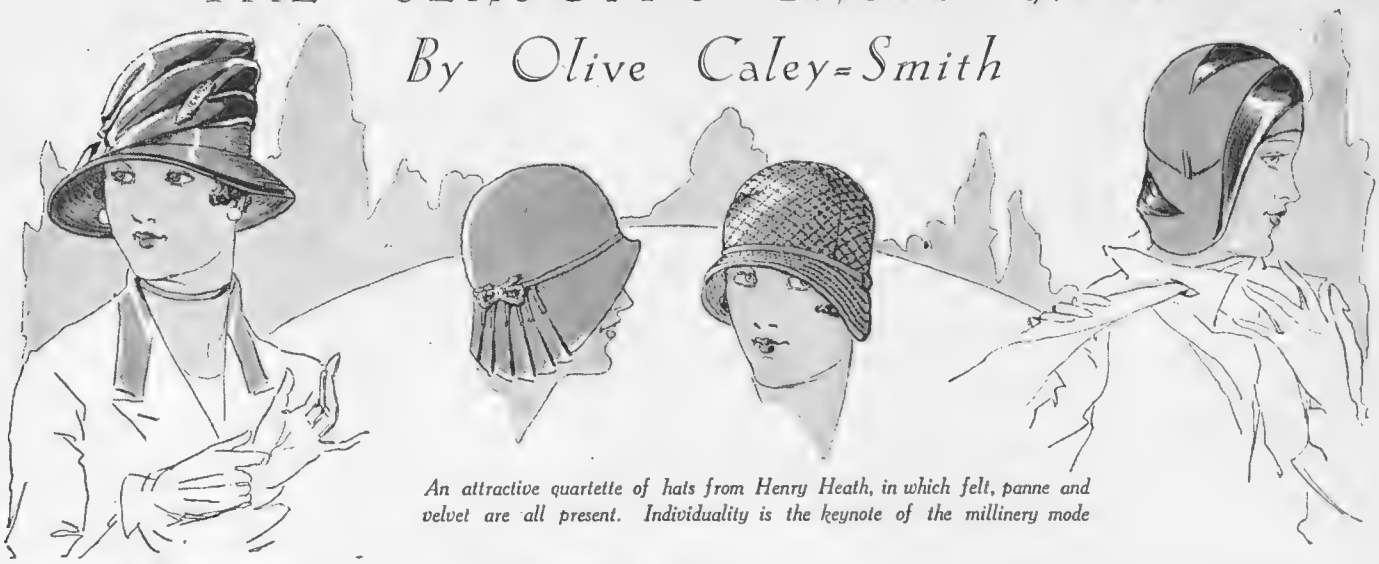
Fashions Fancies

TAILORED FROCKS AND JUMPER SUITS OF STOCKINETTE

It would be difficult to find a more attractive jumper than the one on this page. It is of patterned stockinette, shading from beige to a deep chocolate brown, and is worn with a pleated beige skirt. It comes from Robinson and Cleaver, of Regent Street, who also sponsor the sapphire blue stockinette dress. Cut on long slender lines, which are emphasised by the diagonal tucking, it has a blue suède belt, and a gay red, blue, and grey scarf

THE SEASON'S BASIC LINE

By Olive Caley-Smith



An attractive quartette of hats from Henry Heath, in which felt, panne and velvet are all present. Individuality is the keynote of the millinery mode

Fascinating Subterfuges

ONLY those who are young and tall and very slender can achieve instantaneous success in sheath frocks which are confined at the natural waistline by a narrow belt, for they are undeniably "difficult" to wear.

Two distinctive jumpers admirably tailored in "Clytie" satin. The first is embroidered with many rows of cable stitching, and the second has a particularly neat turned-down collar

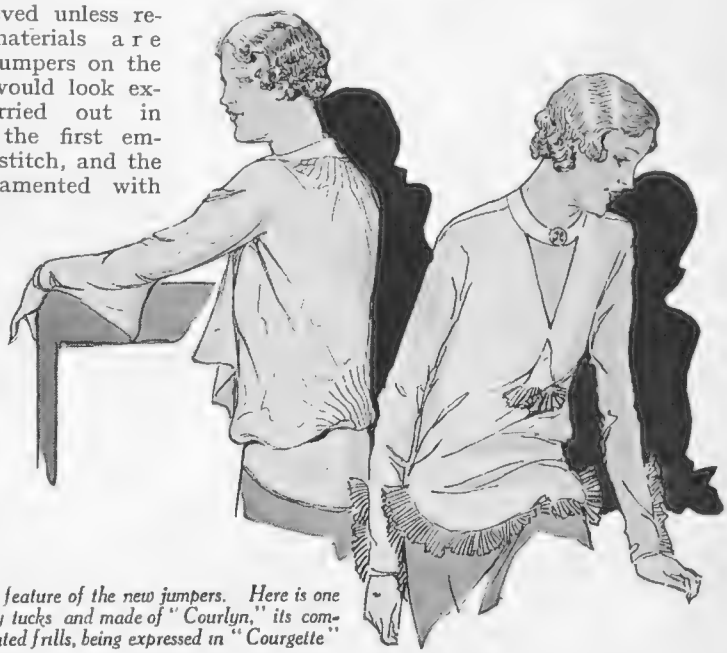
But since Fashion is ever indulgent towards the less favoured of her devotees, she is this season content to smile upon ingenious individual interpretations of her commands. Little coatees, which curve gently at the back, are shown with afternoon and evening gowns, their graceful lines concealing defects without in any way detracting from the character of the dress itself, while boleros spring from the sides of the bodice, and hang loose only at the back. There is, in fact, no doubt that, cleverly handled, the Princess line, which is the generally accepted one this season, can be made becoming to almost every type of figure.

Interesting Necklines

MUCH attention is being focused upon the corsage, and the necklines of dresses for formal occasions are full of interest and piquant charm. The deep V has returned to favour for the evening, extending practically to the waist at the back, but for the most part remaining fairly high across the front. Many models have elaborate strappings, rather like harness, across the bare back. They may be of rhinestones or of the material, and the more unusual the décolletage the more successful is it considered. Oval or spade-shaped openings are favoured for day dresses, with inset vests of embroidered crêpe de Chine or georgette.

Important Fabrics

DURING the winter months, when sombre models are likely to be seen a good deal, fresh coloured jumpers will be welcome. The fabrics which will be used for these are tremendously important, and the greatest care should be exercised when choosing them, for good lines can never be achieved unless reliable materials are used. The two jumpers on the left of this page would look extremely well carried out in "Clytie" satin, the first embroidered in cable stitch, and the second simply ornamented with three enamelled buttons. "Courlyn," a soft rayon and wool marocain, is used for the model with the radiating tucks, while the fourth jumper, with the little pleated frills, is made of pastel-hued "Courgette." Among the fashionable printed fabrics "San Toy" is of exalted merit. It is obtainable in a wonderful range of colours and designs, and has the additional advantage of being extremely durable.



Fitted hipbands are a feature of the new jumpers. Here is one decorated with sunray tucks and made of "Courlyn," its companion, with the pleated frills, being expressed in "Courgette"

Versatile Hats

THE hats which are destined for the coming season are attractive in the extreme, and are strikingly individual. Any hint of uniformity has been completely banished, fabricating mediums, colours, and brims all displaying the most refreshing originality. At the head of this page is a quartette from Henry Heath, Oxford Street, which clearly demonstrates this fact. On the left is a rather wide-brimmed hat of black panne, the crown swathed with velvet and ornamented with a jewelled pin. Next to it a charming velour exploits a group of pleats surmounted by a diamanté bow. In the third illustration stitched velvet makes a little pull-on affair, and on the right a navy blue felt model has a cleverly curved brim which reveals the brow, and is faced with panne.

THE WISDOM OF BEAUTY

One must be wise to be beautiful. One must appreciate, for instance, the place of a pearl necklet in the scheme of things —the difference it makes to a woman's whole appearance.

If, when you dress to-night, you could clasp round your neck a glimmering, shimmering rope of Ciro pearls, you would utter a little cry of delight when you saw the transformation it wrought. Beautiful in themselves, with all the lustre and iridescence of the costliest sea pearls, Ciro pearls beautify their wearer no less.

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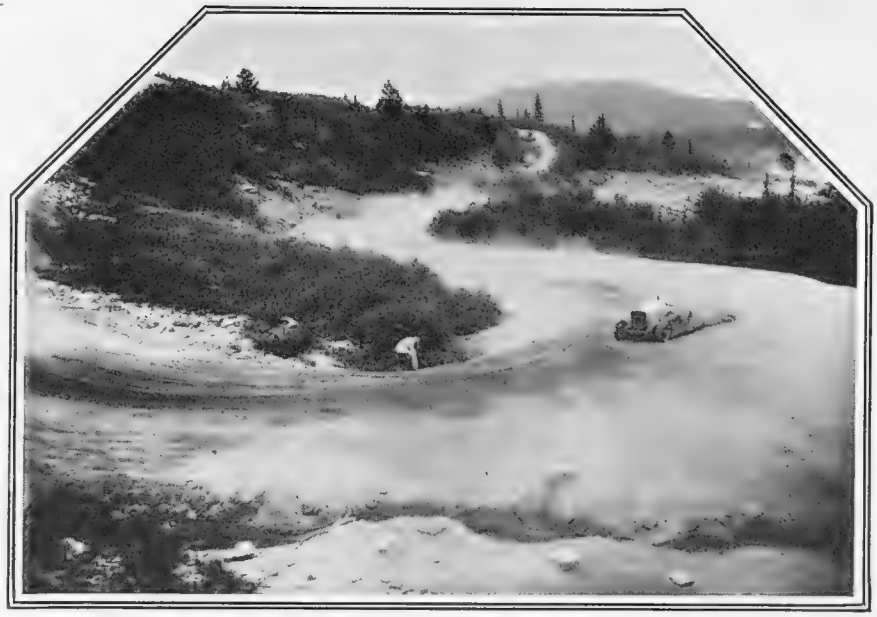

The famous American racing motorist, "Cannon Ball" Barker, taking a hairpin bend at high speed during an ascent of Pike Peaks. He is driving a Franklin Special

AFTERTHOUGHTS on OLYMPIA

By E. M. Wright

DESPITE the somewhat futile gesture of the S.M.M.T. in restricting the number of attendants on the stands, Olympia seemed as crowded as ever this year. I certainly did obey the prominently displayed injunction to deal only with those wearing official badges, not because I have any reverence for the law, but merely because such individuals seemed to me to be the most likely persons to be able to give me the information I sought! The S.M.M.T. are frightened of the crowds, but surely they are the outward indication of just how valuable Olympia might be—and is not! The Show arouses wide public interest, yet how little use is made of that public interest. Crowds jostled around the stands of popular makes, seeing nothing, and the only remedy suggested is that a few salesmen should be restricted from doing business.

***

WHY restrict them? Why *restrict* at all? Surely the aim should be to attract more and more people! It can be done by extending the period of the Show so that the crowd could spread itself out. Olympia need not be one continual "rush hour," so to speak, when it is possible to spread the "peak" load. For example, one ten-shilling day is quite inadequate. Many a busy man, or woman, who is "good" for an order can find time only on Saturday to visit Olympia. Yet both Saturdays are popular two-and-sixpenny days. Olympia is intended to be a Trade Show, and not merely a spectacle. Ten shillings admission will not frighten away the genuine buyer who is prepared to spend anything from £200 to £2,000, but the prospect of having to fight his way through dense crowds will, and does. By all means have popular days—and more of them—for those who want to stroll round like visitors to a picture gallery. But at the same time give the buyer a chance to inspect the models in reasonable comfort.

***

DESPITE its shortcomings Olympia is still the greatest motor show in the world. Paris, New York, Chicago, and Berlin—none of them can touch it. Yet the short-sighted policy of the S.M.M.T. has permitted it to degenerate into a bun-fight—and no wonder there is talk of abandoning it! Where are the buyers who flock from all over the Continent to Paris? Where are the Dominion representatives who should be visiting Olympia in shoals on serious business bent? This is the sort of crowd which should fill the Halls—and this is the crowd which little or nothing has been done to attract.

***

THE most cheerful aspect of the Show to the motorist who does his own cleaning and maintenance was the evidence on all sides of how these jobs are going to be made easier for him during the coming year. Chromium plating alone should save at least an hour's work a week to the conscientious owner-driver, and central lubrication another. Wire wheels are favoured—makers tell me because the public likes and wants them. I wonder how long this craze will last. When a few more thousand people have had to clean these wheels they will know better.

***

THERE was a certain number of interesting cars with which it was impossible to deal in our Show issues owing to the lack of space. For example, the Fiat, whose 1930 programme includes three models. Two of them were shown at Olympia, both six-cylinders of exceptionally interesting design. One is of 18-55 h.p., and features of the chassis are an engine of 2½ litres, taxed, at £20, a seven-bearing crankshaft, side-by-side valves, oil and air cleaners, and coil ignition with hand and automatic control. A four-speed gear box is fitted, and chromium plating is used on radiator, lamps, and other bright parts. The other new Six is of 20-70 h.p., and offers exceptional value for a car of this size and power. The coach-built saloon, for example, costs but £525. A long chassis version of both the 18-55 h.p. and the 20-70 h.p. models is available. It is regrettable that the new Straight Eight, a most interesting car with an engine of just under five litres capacity and a Treasury rating of 33.3 h.p., was not ready in time to show at Olympia. The Fiat guarantee period, by the way, has now been extended from six to twelve months.

***

THE Star programme for 1930 remains substantially unchanged and the prices are unaltered, although many refinements are incorporated. These are, in brief, a new type of radiator, the standardisation of chromium plating, sliding roofs optional on closed models, and also wire wheels optional on all models. Two new models just introduced are the 18-50 h.p. "Jason" and the 20-60 h.p. "Delio." The engine in the former is a six-cylinder of 17.9 h.p. Treasury rating, with overhead valves, seven-bearing crankshaft, magneto ignition, and a four-speed gear box with side change. The 20-60 h.p. chassis has a similar type of engine, but larger.

***

TO me the most interesting car at the Show was the new Trojan. Examine the layout of its engine, passenger space and luggage box. The engine and luggage have changed places, the former being at the back and the compartment for suitcases under the bonnet! This has enabled the Trojan designer—one of the cleverest engineers in this country—to put his engine in the logical place for it, and yet produce a car that is quite conventional in appearance. Of course, the back is the place for the engine. In what other department of engineering would users tolerate a layout so unmechanical and illogical as that of our standard car today. With the engine in front one gets the maximum of its heat, fumes, noise and vibration; one has to sit on top of the gear box; and one has to suffer the height of the propeller shaft cutting the floor-space in two from front to back of the car. With the engine at the back all these disadvantages are done away with.

"Had it been of ordinary glass..."

26th September, 1929.

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DOGS

THE HOLD THEY HAVE! By "The Kennelman"

To-day (Wednesday) Spratts are benching and feeding a biggish Dog Show at Cardiff, and Spillers undertake the same responsibility for that popular event the Metropolitan Police Dog Show at the White City. Most members of the Force are Dog-lovers, and among them they own some of the finest (and best-trained) in the land. There are Shows to-morrow at Hereford, Cambridge and New Barnet; and to-day brings the finish of the Southern Counties Retriever Trials, held at the Countess Howe's home at Horndean. Already Mr. Charles Cruft has his plans under weigh for the great International Show at the Agricultural Hall in February next.

Doggy readers have not forgotten Lt.-Col. E. H. Richardson's book on "Watch-Dogs and Their Training," as is proved by the fact that its fourth edition is in steady demand. To this has now been added a big and handsome new volume (Hutchinson: 21s.) entitled "Forty Years With Dogs." It has scores of striking illustrations and a good practical index: that important feature of such comprehensive works which is too often inadequate or missing altogether. It is an exceptionally full book, rich in interest and in variety, for, whilst very surely a Dog book, fuller of practical lore on that subject than most, it is also a life-history, since it traces the author's adventurous career in many lands from boyhood and subaltern days in the Army, on through his work with Dogs in the Great War, down to the present day. From first to last he, and most members of his family, too, have been keen students of animal life and gifted with a definite "way with Dogs." Apart from exceptional interest as the record of an adventurous life, this is a book from which really practical guidance and information can be gleaned.

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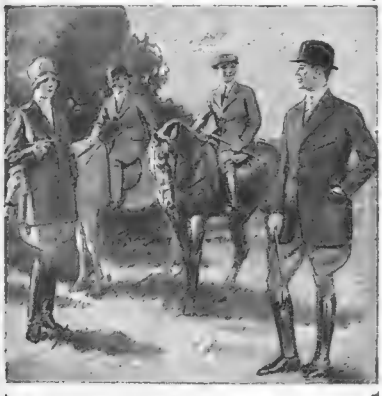

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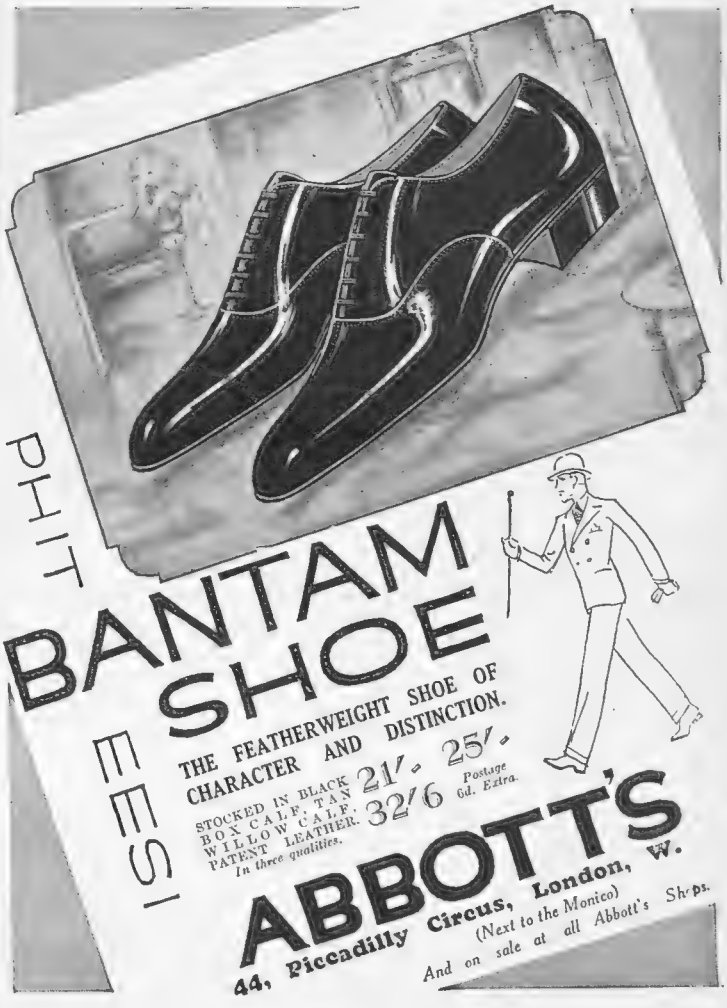

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Oyster Soup

INGREDIENTS: 2 dozen oysters, 1 quart of white stock, ¼ pint of cream, 2 oz. of butter, 1½ oz. of flour, salt, cayenne and mace to taste.

Scald the oysters in their own liquor, take them out, beard them, and place in a tureen. Put the beards and the liquor (strained) into about a pint of the stock, and simmer for about twenty minutes. Remove from the fire, strain again, and add the remainder of the stock with the seasoning. Bring to the boil, and thicken with the butter and flour. Simmer for five minutes, stir in the cream, pour over the oysters, and serve.

Turbot au Parmesan

FLAKE some cooked turbot and make a thick white sauce, butter a fireproof dish, and rub it well with a raw onion. Arrange on it a layer of fish, then pour over it some of the sauce, and add a good sprinkling of grated cheese. Take another layer of fish, then sauce, and strew over the whole about three tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs and cheese in equal quantities. Put the dish in a brisk oven for about a quarter of an hour, and serve as soon as the surface is a light golden colour.

Braised Shoulder of Venison

HAVE the bone taken out from a shoulder of well-hung venison and place in a marinade of equal parts of vinegar and water, with a bunch of savoury herbs. Let it remain in this for three days, then chop up one large onion, one shallot,

Dîner

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

OYSTER SOUP.

TURBOT AU PARMESAN.

BRAISED SHOULDER OF VENISON.
POTATOES. TURNIPS À LA BÉCHAMEL.

COFFEE ICES.

DEVILLED SARDINES.

COFFEE. DESSERT.

½ lb. of fat bacon, add three cloves, and three ounces of butter. Let this fry in an earthenware braising-pan; lay the venison on top, cover closely, and squeeze over the meat (before covering) the juice of half a lemon. Cook three hours in a moderate oven. Just before serving add a glassful of sherry and half a teacupful of cream. Let it cook for another ten minutes, send to table in a very hot dish with the gravy round, and serve with fried potatoes and turnips à la Béchamel.

Turnips à la Béchamel

CUT some turnips in quarters and pare them into balls of equal size. Put them in a stewpan and cover them with good veal stock. Add a little salt, a lump of sugar, and boil them quickly until they are quite tender, but not at all broken. Dish them up with a rich thick white sauce poured over them.

Devilled Sardines

CHOOSE ten or twelve good-sized sardines, drain and wipe them, sprinkle with mustard and cayenne. Fry them on both sides in a little butter. Place them on fingers of buttered toast. Serve hot.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS!

A SUGGESTION

Christmas, with its perplexing problem of choosing suitable gifts, will soon be upon us. May we venture to help our readers? Your friends, we feel sure, would be delighted to have *The Bystander* sent to them without bother or financial thought. For that matter, with no bother to you. Send remittance to the Publisher, Inveresk House, 346 Strand, W.C.2, and he will do the rest.

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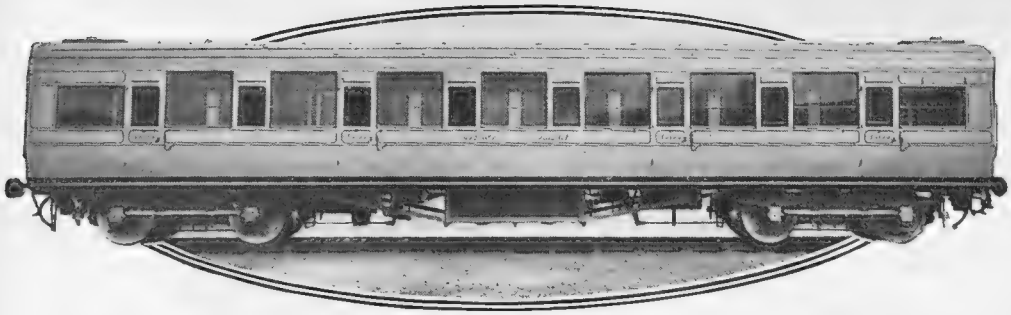


One of the new Southern Railway corridor coaches with much higher windows than those on the older type of coaches. This provides for a wider field of vision and lighter compartments

THE EDITOR'S BOX

A Tale from Olympia

Maurice, the entertaining maître d'hotel at the Trocadero and compère of "Trocabaret," has an amusing story about the Motor Show. He relates that at a certain stand a man and woman were seen discussing a popular four-seater of the Baby type, the woman appearing to lay down the law and the man nodding—without any enthusiasm. Suddenly he drew a tape from his pocket, measured the door of the car carefully, and then turned to the woman. "All right, Mary," said he, "have it your own way! But that bus has either got to have larger doors or I've got to have a smaller mother-in-law."

A Hint to Parents

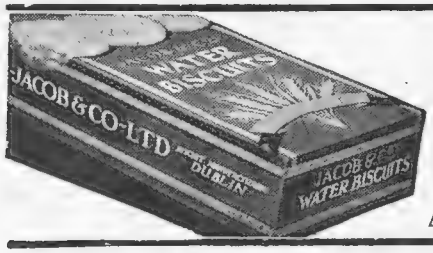
Parents living in the overseas parts of the Empire having to send their young children to England are often in a difficulty to know a suitable home or school at reasonable prices. We are pleased, therefore, to draw your attention to Prospect House, St. Neots, Huntingdonshire, a very old-established girls' school recently entirely reorganised under the charge of a young, experienced, and qualified Principal, Miss Randall. Prospect House provides a thorough education on modern lines, and it is also combined with a happy home life in which girls may develop to the full both body and mind. Special attention is paid to health and games, and a liberal table is provided. The Principal takes a great interest in Literature and the Arts, and operatic and ballroom dancing, together with Greek movement, are taught by experts. The fees are very moderate and inclusive. St. Neots is a healthy country town fifty miles from London, twelve miles from Bedford, seventeen miles from Cambridge, where excellent concerts and lectures can be attended by the elder girls.

To South America

The Hamburg-South America Line have now put into operation a new service from Boulogne to South American ports which is served by their three motor ships Monte Sarmiento, Monte Olivia, and Monte Cervantes. These vessels are extremely popular with passengers of moderate means, who, by travelling at third-class fare, are able to secure accommodation in comfortable cabins on a ship built for carrying one class of passenger only and the convenience of being able to embark at Boulogne instead of at Hamburg, as has hitherto been the case, will undoubtedly greatly appeal to passengers from the United Kingdom. These ships are entirely at the disposal of third-class passengers, who can enjoy unrestricted freedom of movement, and, apart from excellent dining saloons and cabins, there are a Library, Social Hall, Smoking-room, Dance Floor, and American Bar on all the vessels named. The fare from Boulogne to South America for a third-class cabin is only £25, and full particulars may be obtained from the General Agents, Messrs. Stelp and Leighton, Ltd., of 9-13, Fenchurch Buildings, Fenchurch Street, E.C.3, and at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, Grimsby, Glasgow, and Cardiff.

Notable New Records

Decca's new and special issue consists of three fine dance records, with vocal refrain, by Ambrose and his Orchestra, from the May Fair Hotel. "Dear Little Café," a fox-trot by Noel Coward, which is the hit of Charlie Cochran's successful operetta, "Bitter Sweet," and "I'm Bringing a Red, Red Rose," another great fox-trot, from the American musical comedy, "Whoopee," are two numbers which make an outstanding record. From the latest musical comedy, "Follow Through," with which the new Dominion Theatre opened its doors to the public, Ambrose and his Orchestra have recorded for Decca the two numbers out of this show that are likely to become the rage this coming season, namely, "Button Up Your Overcoat" and "I Want to be Bad." Both these tunes are composed by De Sylva, Brown and Henderson, who make a fine combination in the concoction of popular dance tunes.



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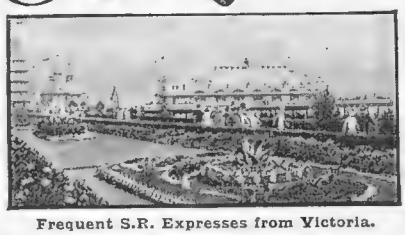

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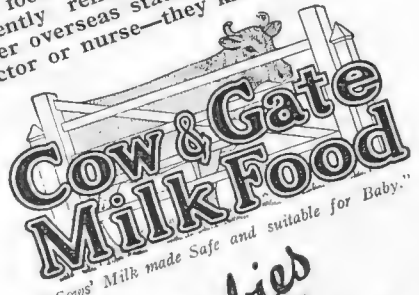

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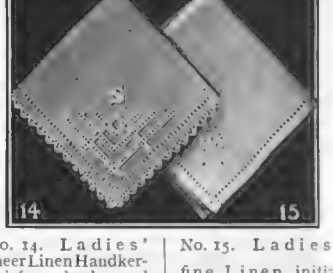

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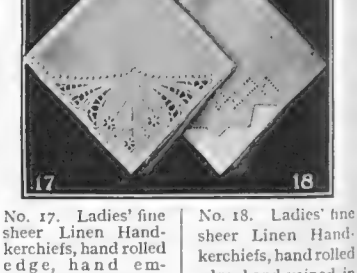

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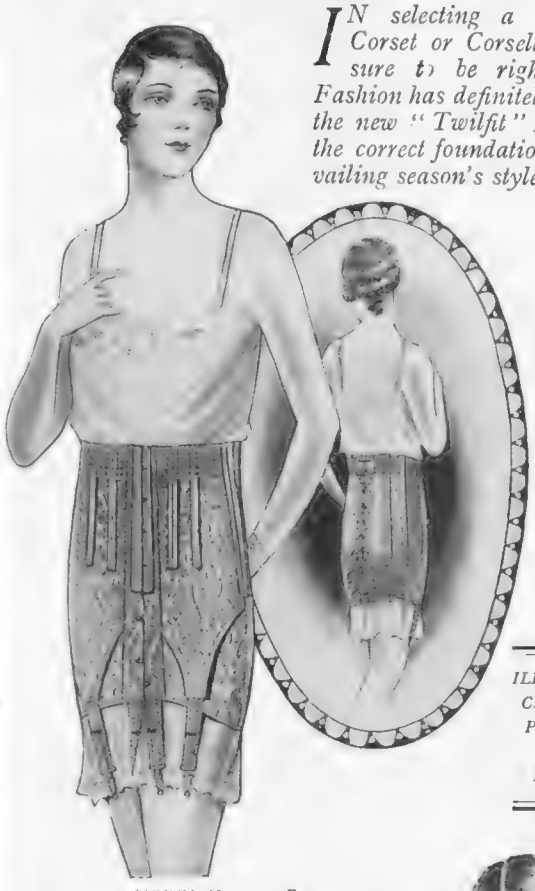

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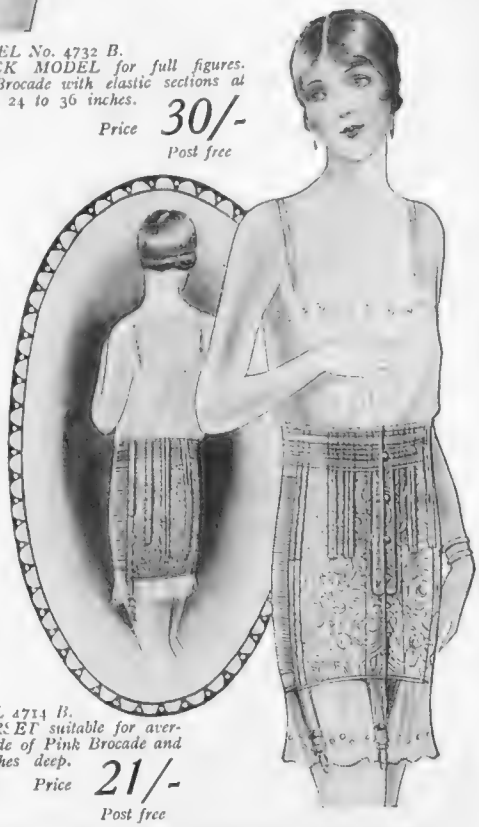

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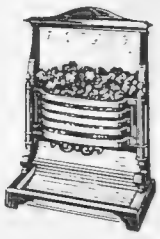

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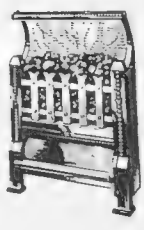

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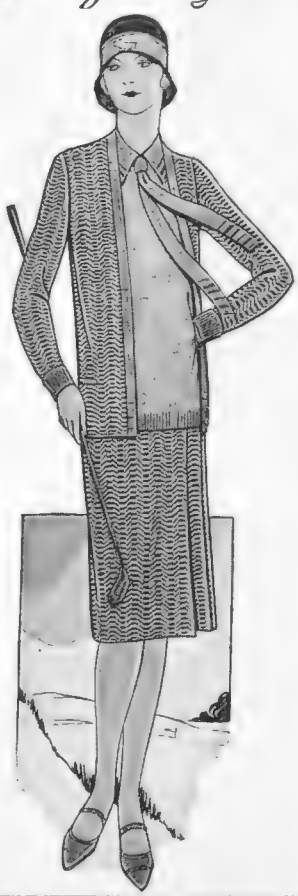

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50's Decorated Tin
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NCC 542

"INFORM Madame that the Herault car is here," he ordered gruffly, trying not to shiver with cold and nervousness.

In a moment a hatchet-faced maid appeared. "Madame is in her bath," she said. "She will see you at once."

Bouron blushed. "But—I am not Monsieur Herault!" he stammered. "I am only the chauffeur."

"But naturally, *imbecile!*" snapped the maid, "if you were Monsieur Herault it would cost you a thousand francs!"

The bathroom was a delightful place. He wished that he could live in it for ever. It was gratefully warm—so warm that he checked his shivers. And Madame—what he could see of her through the steam—Madame was blonde and ravishing!

"So!" she laughed, inspecting him over the edge of the massive marble tub. "That old skinflint of a Herault has come through at last, eh, chauffeur?"

. . . .

In twenty minutes Bouron returned with Lulu gassed, oiled, and firing prettily on four new spark plugs. The maid stowed bags and dressing-cases in the cabriolet. Bouron was assisting her when Madame appeared—serene, beautiful, queenly! He was a bit confused to observe that her——

. . . .

An hour later, on the long black road which leads through the Forest of Fontainebleau, Bouron halted to adjust the acetylene headlights and the kerosene tail. The latter shone directly on the licence number, which should have read "*R.F. E7751.*" Instead of the familiar legend, however, he beheld a strange "*R.F. L115.*" Bewildered, he struck a match and saw that parts of certain numbers and letters had been covered with paper pasters. These pasters, inspected closely, proved to be neatly scissored bits of paper—envelope flaps, in fact. In the red glow of the tail-light they had been wholly invisible; but in the whiter illumination of the match they were distinctly pink!

"It would be safer to leave them on until to-morrow," called Madame, rapping on the window. "Wait—my cigarettes—oh, here they are—please hold the match, *strangler!*"

. . . .

"Now look at me, Bouron! See, I point that very same pistol at you. Do you doubt that I will kill you without compunction if you don't tell the truth?"

"No!" moaned Bouron. "Don't shoot, monsieur—I will tell the truth."

"Very well, Bouron—expert mechanician, drunkard, strangler, and chauffeur of spies . . ."

He stalked over to the table and picked up a bloodstained card.

"Did you ever see this before?" he asked.

"Yes," said Bouron. "It is Madame's visiting card."

"Hold it up to the light."

. . . .

"It is a serious thing to mix with the enemies of France."

The Driver's Life *was* saved—

More than once . . . .

A car, a woman, first blonde and then brunette, the police, cognac and a transparent visiting card, but especially cognac. Lulu liked cognac better than petrol. She was an aristocrat once. Then came the war.

You will delight in reading how Lulu and that old scoundrel, Bouron, after dangerous adventures, did their good deed for France. Guy Gilpatric's story, "LULU WAS A LADY," is one of the high-lights of thrilling fiction in the November issue of BRITANNIA & EVE, now on sale, One Shilling.

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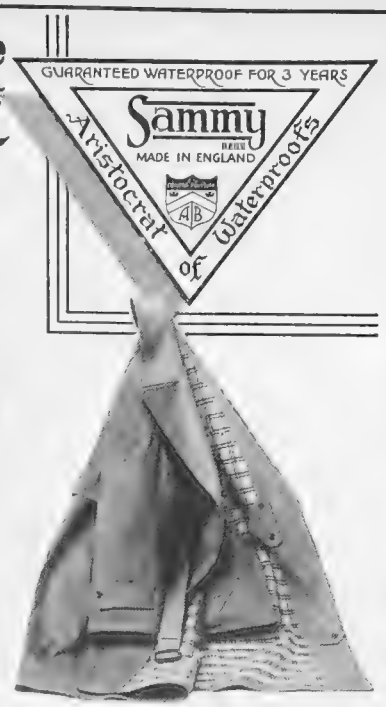

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Pure Silk Hose *of English make with silk embroidered clox, spliced feet and suspender hem, perfect fitting and good wearing. In Mushroom, Beige, French Nude, Shadow, Linnet, Beaver, Putty, Oak, Creole, Opal Grey, Nickel, Gunmetal or Black.*

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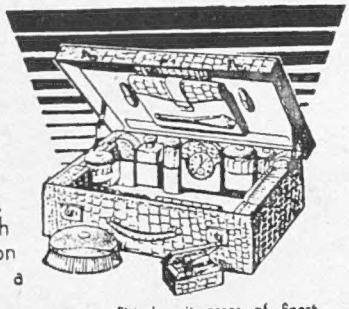

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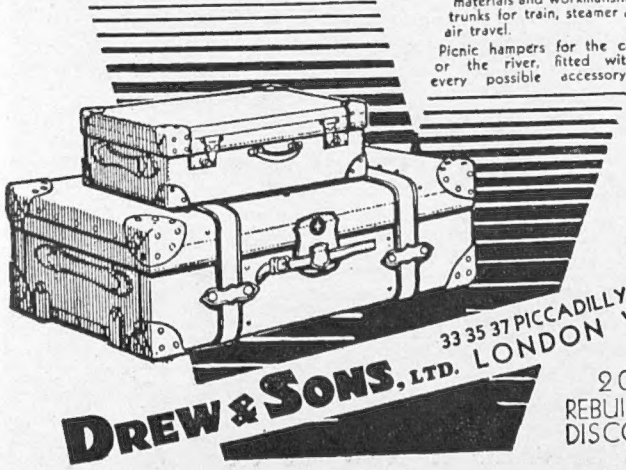

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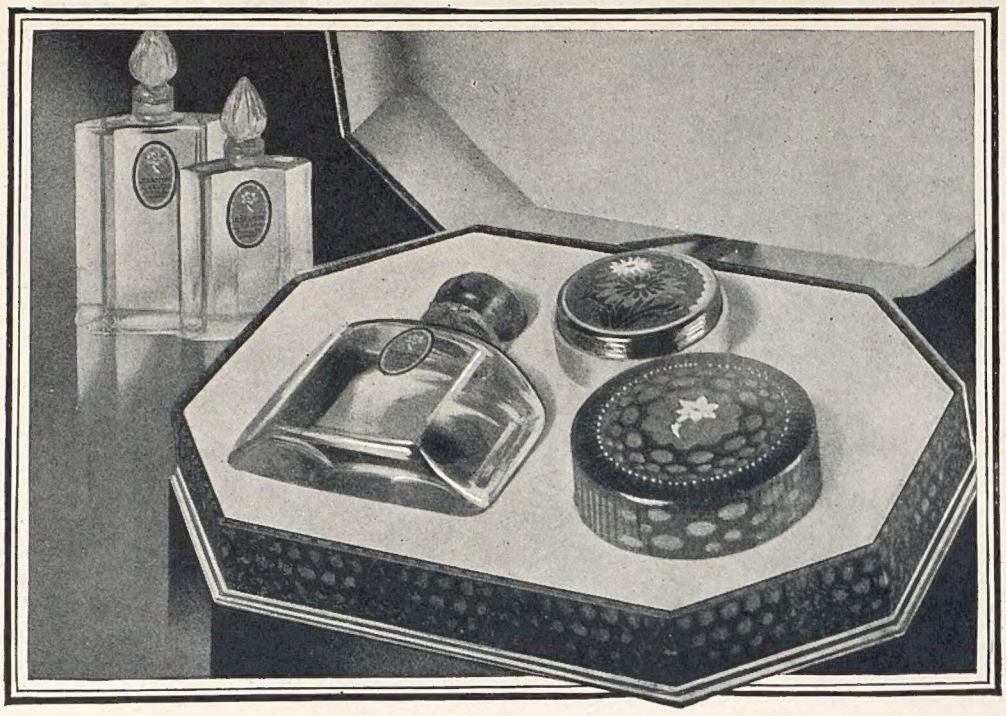

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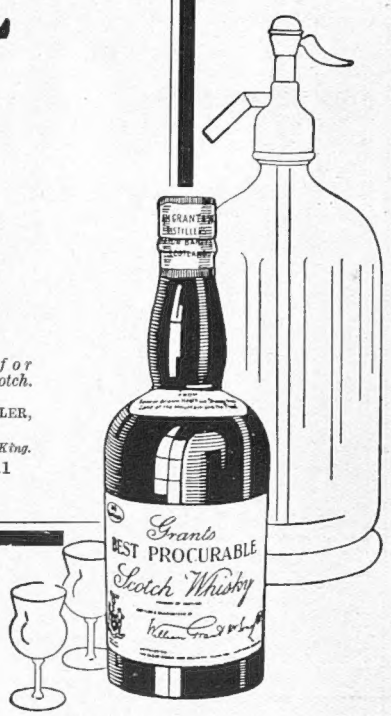

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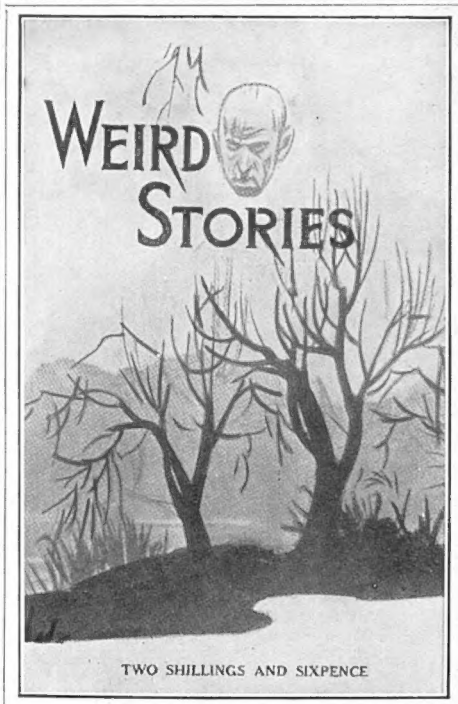

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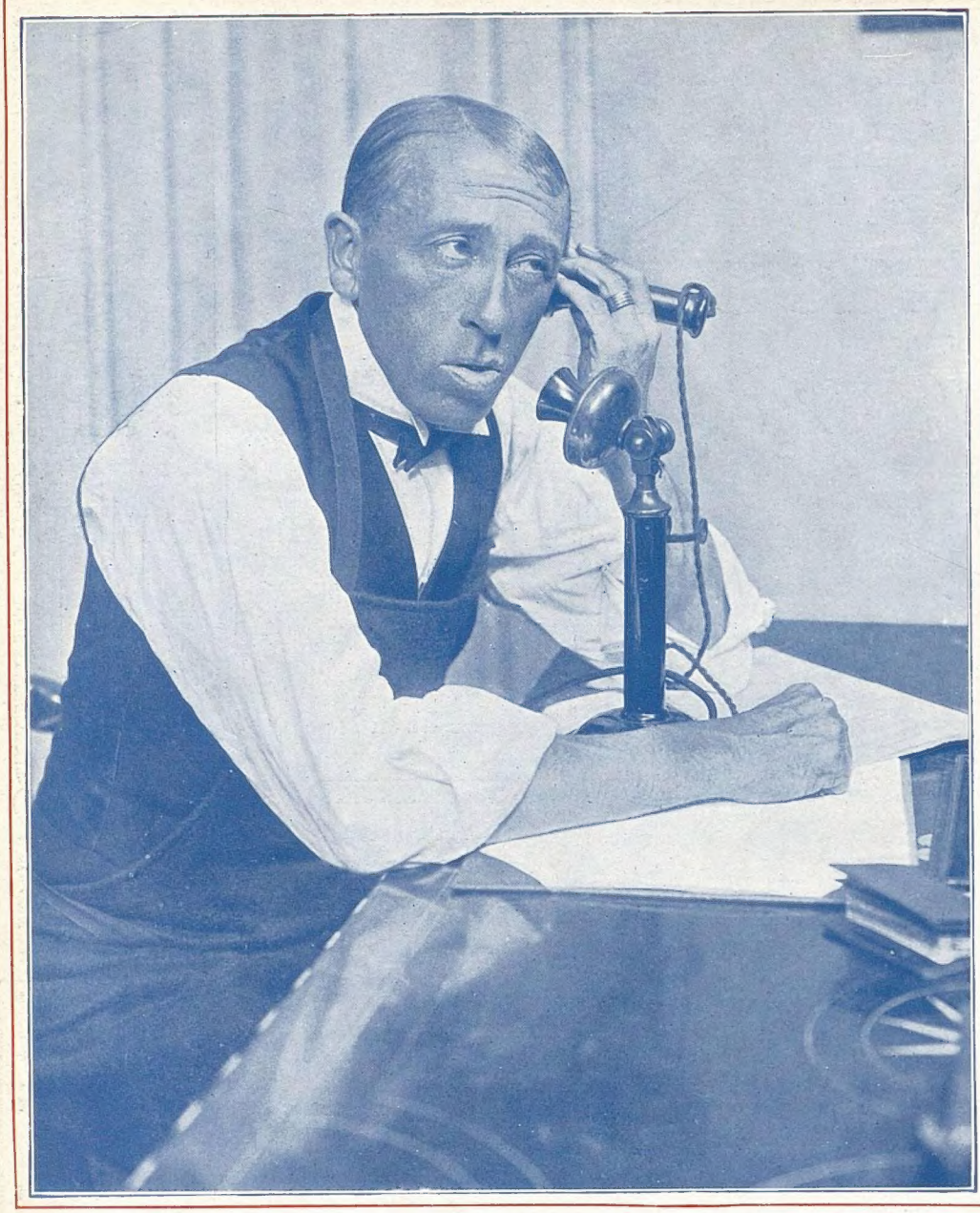

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